

A
S E R I E S
O F
GENUINE LETTERS,
BETWEEN
H E N R Y
A N D
F R A N C E S.

Acceptit famam, nec minus illa dedit.

V O L. IV.

A N E W E D I T I O N.

L O N D O N:

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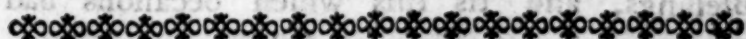
MDCCLXXXVI.





S E R I E S

GENUINE LETTERS
BETWEEN
HENRY and FRANCES.



LETTER CCCCLIII.

Dear FANNY,

SET out on my Journey, Yesterday,
I upon the Credit of the Almanac.
I depended on the Weather's be-
coming fair, on the Change of the
Moon, and was heartily foused for so ignorant a
Presumption. How could so vulgar an Error
maintain it's Ground so long? To combat it by
Philosophy, would be too great a Condescension.
'Tis a Remain of judicial Astrology, and the
only one that still imposes upon the Prejudices.
of Mankind.

VOL. IV.

B

The

The Frequency of the Coincidence of the Changes has been remarked, but not the greater Frequency of their failing. Though, surely, one Instance of the latter should be sufficient to overcome five Hundred of the former; for whatever operates in Nature, as a Cause, produces a certain and constant Effect.

But there is an additional Perverseness in adhering to this Prognostic, because a favourable one, for 'tis the ungrateful Disposition of Mankind, to remember Calamities more than Blessings, and 'tis this which occasions bad Omens to be oftener recorded than good ones. Every Person who has rode Journies can recollect when the Wind has been in his Face, but forgets how often it has been in his Poop.

Those only who travel by Night, may consult the Moon, for it sometimes gives us *fair Nights*, but never *fair Days*.

Farewel,

Henry.

LETTER

Henry and Frances.

LETTER CCCCLIV.

Dear HARRY,

I HAVE met with the highest Surprize and Mortification, this Week that you can imagine. 'Tis impossible for you ever to guess it. Nay, how shall I tell it to you, or in what Words express it.

The rest of this Page I shall leave *a Blank*.—The Tale would blot it.—And do, my Harry, indulge me. — Lay down this Letter on your Table, and amuse yourself, for a Minute or two, in Curiosity and Wonder, before you turn over the Leaf.

LETTERS *between*

In short, our *Vestal* in *Nature*, for, as *Ninon* says, "I never denied the Virtues of Constitution," has lately, to the Astonishment of us all, had a Flame lighted up in her breast, but of a most *unvestal* Kind. That Malabarian Wife *, who I thought would have ended her Life in the first *Act* of the *Ephesian Matron*, has already begun the *second*, even before her Husband's Death. Our cold *Diana* has become a burning *Hecate* at last. In fine, this Pattern of conjugal Love has, within these few Days, conceived an *impromptu* Passion for a Recruiting Officer she accidentally met with in this Town.

"He is young, and handsome, and agreeable, to be sure—you'll say. Not a Word of all this. The Man is plain in his Person, middle aged, one who has lived fast, civil, but of remarkable Taciturnity.

Her Behaviour toward him is the most remarkable Thing I ever saw. So much so, that B—— and F——, who are no great Observers, have taken Notice of it. I have already described him, and you know she is yet pretty, and still young. And yet one would imagine, to see them together, that they had

* The Widows of Mallabar burn themselves on their Husbands Funeral Pile.

not only exchanged Persons, but Sexes also ; for I really think she rather appears the Courtier in her Manners.

If there is, in the Secrets of Nature, such a Power as Fascination, our poor unhappy Friend must certainly have fallen a Victim to it. I absolutely cannot express the Concern and Mortification I suffer upon this alarming Occasion. After a dozen Years of mutual Happiness, with an Husband of her own Choice, and who is fond of her, even to Weakness !

“ Rebellious Hell !

“ If thou can’st mutiny in a Matron’s Bones,

“ To flaming Youth let Virtue be as Wax,

“ And melt in it’s own Fires !”

I cannot help loving her, with all her Faults and Foibles ; I did not think I had so great an Affection for her, as I have been sensible of since this Adventure ; but perhaps my Fear and Pity for her may have added to my Tenderness. I intreat that my dear Harry may speedily return hither, to assist me with his Counsel, or rescue her by his Conduct.

Adieu !

Frances.

LETTER CCCCLV.

Dear FANNY,

I AM as much concerned as you can be, at the Hint you give, but not so much surprized. The Philosophy or Caprice of Nature, in this Matter, may be seen in the CXXXIXth Chapter of the Trio. You'll read it with twice the Intelligence you did at first, after this Example.

However, this is the last Misdemeanour I should ever have suspected her of. I always thought her too phlegmatic for Passion, especially so frolic a one. But—read my Chapter, and cease your Wonder. She has some Merits, however, which give me Concern for her. I am afraid I cannot dignify them with the Title of *Principles*, or *Qualities*, but, by Way of Distinction, let us call them *Faculties*, or *Qualifications*. She is capable sometimes of acting at least an humane, or friendly Deed. I have known her give Alms, without Charity, and be liberal, without Generosity,

“ And made a Widow happy for a Whim.”

I wish there were more such Characters in the World; for the outward and visible Sign is sufficient

sufficient for all the Purposes of this Life. *The inward and spiritual Grace* is the Business of another.

As to this *Ephesian* Soldier, this modern *Erostratus*, who has set Fire to our *Diana's* Fane, I think him by no Means to blame. His Condition, both in Love and War, is that of Adventure. He sees a pretty Woman, of Family and Fortune, within a few Months of being a jointured Relict; and if he can bear away the Prize, I really think he is to be commended for it. And, as to the Lady herself, she has e'en as good a Chance of being happy, as the String of *Widows bewitched*, who have lately taken the same Route before her.

I shall return to you on Thursday next to Dinner. — Till then,

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER CCCCLVI.

The Farm.

Dear FANNY,

IT has shocked me, to the highest Degree, to see our amiable Friend, Mr. N——, so greatly declining in his Health every Day. He has resigned his Employment to his Son, which was a prudent Step, in the first Instance, and a well spirited one, in the second; as he has marked it to me, by saying, that he feared least his heavy Disorders might, in Time, so far affect his Intellects, as to deprive him of that Readiness and Address in Business, for which he has ever yet been distinguished, by the Board to which he belongs.

———“ Let me not live, quoth he,
 “ After my Flame lacks Oil: To be the Snuff
 “ Of younger Spirits, whose apprehensive Senses,
 “ All but new Things disdain.”

His Chearfulness is admirable still, and all the Intervals his asthmatic Cough allows him, are passed in Sallies of Humour and Laughter. He has got *Butler's Remains* *, and seems highly delighted with his *Characters*. He has

e Author of *Hudibras*.

amused

amused himself these two Days, with writing some Things in the same Way, which are really well enough; but there is one of them, stiled the *Man-Widwife*, that has more Wit and Archness in it than any Thing of that Kind in *Butler*. I would send it to you, but that there are some Passages] in it too free to communicate to you.

He is, *to take him all in all*, by much the most agreeable and amiable Man that *e'er my Conversation coped withal*.—I have known some few entertaining Persons, and some fewer worthy ones, but never met with any Man, who ever united these two Merits so happily together †.

I hope that his Recess from Business, with a total Devotion of his Thoughts and Time to the wholesome and exhilarating Amusements of his Farm and Gardens, may soon restore him to his Health again, and long, long, preserve the native Vigour of his Mind. Amen, my dear Friend.

Adieu, my Wife, my Mistress, and my Friend!

Henry.

† See Letter CCCVI. of the Series. Second Edition.

10 L E T T E R S *between*

312 L E T T E R C C C C L V I I .

31 *Dear* HARRY,

311 **T**HE Account you give me of our dear
Friend has raised the highest and most
tender Concern in my Regard for him. These
Sentiments have *dictated*, I wish I could say
inspired, the following Stanza's, which I leave
you at Liberty to present to him in my Name,
if your usual Partiality, to every Thing of mine,
shall think them worth his Perusal.

310 A n H Y M N t o H E A L T H .

309 **C**OME, fair *Hygea*! blooming Maid,
My ardent Prayer attend :
Quick let me supplicate thy Aid,
Not for myself, but Friend.

308 Oh, rose-lip'd oddefs ! ' could I tell
His Worth for whom I sue ;
Thou still wouldst in his Bosom dwell,
His well-spent Life renew.

307 Truth

Henry and Frances.

11

Truth, Honour, Friendship, all combine,
To implore thy Aid, with me,
These, as he sickens, also pine,
So strong their Sympathy!

Now I don't like these Lines so well as I did
Half an Hour ago. What a Difference there is,
between writing with the Warmth of a Friend,
and reading with the Coolness of a Critic. The
copying of them out has given me Leisure to
dwell on each Period. But you have them, and
dispose of them as you please.

Adieu!

Frances.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCLVIII.

The Farm.

Dear FANNY,

I RECEIVED your too few Stanzas. I think them pretty, affecting, and unaffected. But I am always in the first Circumstance you mention; for I read every Line of your's with the Warmth of a Friend. I presented them to whom inscribed. He seemed pleased and flattered with them, but said nothing; as is often his Way. He took the Paper in his Hand, and walked into the Garden, returned in about a Quarter of an Hour; and, sitting down to his Desk, soon after reached me the following Lines.

Why supplicate Hygea, charming Maid,
 When thy own Merits may supply her Aid?
 Hygea is Minerva, sprung from Jove,
 His Brain erst *entient* * with the Fruits of Love.
 With each best Attribute thy Worth may roll,
 The Daughter's Wisdom, and the Father's Soul.

A. N.

He then desired me to return you his most grateful Thanks for the Kindness of your poetical Wishes; but that if they should not pre-

* Pregnant.

vail,

vail, he said, it would be great Consolation to him, in his last Moments, if you would promise to write his Epitaph.

The Subject affected me. He is grown worse within these three Days. I walked out of the Room.

I disputed the Word *entient*, in the above Lines, with him, as not being of Dictionary Authority; but he said, that the Liberty of Language would admit it, and that he could not recollect any other Phrase, which would express the Sense in that Passage. I offered him the Word *enicente* †, but he rejected it. He said, that where our own Tongue was not rich, or copious enough, to supply us with adequate Terms, it was much better to furnish ourselves out of the dead Languages, than poorly to borrow them from any of the beggarly living ones. I think him right.

Adieu!

Henry.

† A French Adjective of the same Meaning.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCLIX.

The Farm.

Dear FANNY,

THIS is a very melancholic House to me, and to me only: Every one else in it seems to be chearful, and even the Object of my Concern the most so of any. The rest of the Family appear to be insensible of his Danger, and he himself rejoices in it; so that I am left to mourn alone.

We were walking together, this Morning, in his Garden. Several handsome Equipages passed us by. — At last an *Herse* came in Sight. “There, said he, is the grandest and most enviable Carriage of them all; the happy Tenant of that Dome, is more independent than any Prince alive. He has no Wants, no Ails, nor fears he Poverty, nor dreads Oppression; and surely, concluded he, in his usual Play of Fancy, and Turn of Words, that must be deemed the most *triumphal Car*, which sets us *above the World*.”

Such Reflections as these, which he makes every Day, are not so much the Thing that gives me an Apprehension of his near Departure, but he has betrayed one infallible Sign of it, and one
which

which shews, remarkably, the Goodness of Providence at the same Time. He tells me, he has lost all Manner of Relish and Delight in his Gardens, his Plantations, his Children, and his Wife, of late. You know how strong his Passion always has been, for every one of these. The Wife of his Youth, the Companion of his Age, the Children of his Love, the Gardens of his Creation, with the Improvements of his Fancy, within one short Month are rendered tasteless all.

Admirable and divine Œconomy! While the Circumstances or Connexions of this Life can administer to our Use or Happiness here, our Fondness for them continues; but when they are about to lose their Uses to us, when a continued Passion for them would but disturb our last Moments, we begin, ourselves, to grow indifferent toward them.

I don't pretend to say that this is the Case, on Occasions of sudden or violent Death. These are but Accidents, against which no Provision could, or perhaps ought, to have been made; but I affirm it, in the natural Course of Decay, either from Sickneſs or Age, where the Mind and Body wear out equally together.

What a Loss shall I have of him! He is the only Friend, that Age or Distemper has left me now. It was my Feelings for him that dictated
the

the second Chapter of the Triumverate. — 'Tis too late in Life for me to contract other fond and firm Connexions. The only Consolation I have left is, that, by the Course of Nature, you must outlive me.

Amen, and Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER CCCCLX.

The Farm.

Dear FANNY,

YESTERDAY I walked to Dublin, round through Finglas, Ballygowley, Johnstown, Glasnevin, and Drumcondra. It was extremely pleasant, but fatiguing. The Sort of Thought and Reflexion the Mind naturally falls into in solitary Walks or Rides, is most charmingly romantic and entertaining. How very amusing sometimes to rove, at Random, through the Fairy Fields of Imagination, without the Check or Restraint of Reason or Philosophy! I am in Possession of the two great Secrets of *Alchymy*, the *Grand Elixir*, and the *Philosopher's Stone*. I have

have given Elasticity to arid Fibres, and Affluence to Indigence. I have discharged the whole Debt of England, and purchased a free Trade for Ireland. And in the Place of those public Funds, that owe their Establishment to the Poverty of the Nation, I have formed others upon it's Riches. Such as the *Heath Stock*, the *Mountain Stock*, the *River Fund*, the *Mine Fund*, the *Fen's Fund*, &c. being certain *Companies* or *Societies* of monied Men, formed by Government, for the Improvement of Agriculture, the reclaiming of Moors, Mountains, and Commons, the working of Mines, and rendering Rivers navigable. In fine, from a *Borrower*, the State is now become a *Purchaser*. I have framed an *Amphyctionic* Council, to preserve the Peace of Europe, and have gone a great Way toward completing the universal Happiness of Mankind.

This *moral Exercise* of the Fancy, as it may justly be called, is really serviceable to the Health both of Body and Mind. It lulls all the turbulent Passions to sleep; Pride, Envy, Jealousy, Rage, &c. and awakens the tender Sensations of Love, Pity, Benevolence, and Charity. This makes the Blood to flow temperately through the Veins, and the soft Tide of Humanity to roll it's salutary *Milk and Honey* through the expanding Heart.

Such

Such Contemplations, such warm Wishes of Benignity, invigorate our Virtue, and strengthen Nature by Habit. Benevolence is complete in the Will; a Deficiency of Power renders it imperfect only in the Act.

Adieu!

Henry.

P. S. Our Friend still continues ill, and cheerful.

LETTER CCCCLXI.

Dublin.

Dear FANNY,

I LEFT *the Farm* this Morning, and took a Ride of about ten Miles, round the *Environs* of this City. The Day was fine, and the Verdure of the Fields and Trees extremely rich and beautiful. This is not the natural Complexion of the Soil; for all the Lands, for many Miles round the Town, are originally poor. But the Culture of the Earth, like the Cultivation of the Mind, gives all the Appearances of a native Vigour to both.

I called

I called in at some of the Gardens of the Florist, in my Ride, and was surprized to see the Revolution which has happened, within these seven Years, in the *Caprices* of these Virtuoso's; for had it been a true Taste, it would have ever remained the same. All Flowers, which happened to have any Degree of Fragrancy in them, are expelled from the modern Stages, as Weeds, and those only dignified with a Pot, and allowed a Place on their Thrones, that have no other Merit, but Colour alone. I suppose, that among such Adepts, an eastern Pearl would sink infinitely in it's Value, if, with it's orient Lustre, it should unhappily have contracted an orient Flavour; also: Or, perhaps, this might raise it's Price, merely because it would be unnatural, and they might then be ready to impute that Merit to a Stone, which they refuse to a Flower.

I amused myself Yesterday Evening at the *Parm.* with reading some of *Builer's Remains*; and I there met with a Sentiment of my own, mentioned in one of my Letters in the *Series* *, where I make a Sense of Shame the distinguishing Characteristic of Human Nature. This rather pleased, than mortified me; for I would always rather think with Justness, than with Novelty.

* The last Paragraph of Letter CLXXIX, Second Edition.

However,

However, this Thought is as new in me as it was in him, though he happened to hit upon it before me; for our Letters were published long before these Manuscripts appeared in print. But I shall add a Note to this Passage, in the second Edition of the *Series*, which is now in the Press†.

Adieu

Henry.

† See the Note upon the above Paragraph, in the second Edition.

L E T T E R CCCCLXII.

Dear HARRY,

I HAVE suffered a great deal, for these ten Days past. Mr. W — has been from home, and consequently I could not receive your Letters inclosed to him. But he returned this Morning, and has sufficiently repaid my Impatience and Anxiety, by giving me four of them at once.

What an happy Turn of Mind are you possessed of! Every Incident, every Circumstance in Life, which would pass unmarked by others, furnishes you with some Occasion of moral or philosophic Reflexion. *St. Evremond* said of *Ma-*

dame

name d' L'Encloes, that she would die of nothing but Reflections: I think this Character more peculiarly your's, than any Person's I ever met with. I envy it to you. 'Tis pleasant, improving, and useful; for Reason, like polished Steel, must be kept bright by Use; if suffered to lye by, it will rust sooner than a baser Metal. Ha! I vow I am pleased with my last Sentence. I flatter myself that it sounds as if you had said it yourself; but it is enough that it is in your Stile, at least.

The Amusements of *Castle-building*, have been often mine as well as your's; but I am afraid I have not so high a Pleasure in it. I do not give into the Delirium enough. As for Instance, now my Projects for paying of Debts have never yet gone farther than how to discharge our own. Instead of a free Trade for Ireland, my whole Thoughts have been turned upon obtaining a free Ingress and Egress for you, to and from your own House. As for the *grand Secret* of prolonging Life, all my Wishes have ended in preserving what remains of it from Sickness or Pain, not from Decay. To conclude, the only *amphycli-onic* Council I ever framed, was an Alliance with Reason and Religion, in order to preserve the Peace of my own Breast. This, I must confess was beginning at the wrong End of Imagination, and dissolving the Charm, by bringing
about

about Events too near to Truth, Possibility, and Nature.

Pray return my Thanks to Mr. N — for his polite Lines; but tell him, that the Over-payment of a Present always stops the generous Hand. He seems to be sensible of this himself too, by desiring nothing more of the same Kind from me, till after his Death. But indeed, that sad Event would, I am afraid, render me rather a Statue for his Tomb, than a Poet for his Elegy. — Health and Happiness to him, and you.

Adieu !

Frances.

LETTER CCCCLXIII.

Dear FANNY,

I AMUSED myself, this Morning, with forming a Design of writing a third Volume to the *Triumverate*, which should consist chiefly of the Memoirs, Character, and Description of *Biographer Tryglyph*, in which should occasionally be introduced some curious Anecdotes of Persons well known, which I fancy would entertain the Public.

After

After I had formed the whole Plan in my Mind, I took it into my Head, according to the Observation, that the first Thing in Intention, is always the last in Execution, to begin at the latter End, and accordingly digested the inclosed Chapter, by Way of Conclusion to the three Volumes.

Keep it for me, as I have made no Copy of it.

Adieu!

Henry.

EPILOUQUE.

Perhaps it may be a Matter of great Stisfaction, both to my courteous and curious Readers too, to be let a little into the Secret who Messieurs Andrews, Beville, Carewe and Tryglyph, are. And this I chuse to *explain* by a *Riddle*, *Ignotum per Ignotum*. Which, though a Paradox in common Sense, I have resolved upon for that very Reason.

For, albeit, I have but a middling Capacity for the ordinary Affairs of Life, perhaps I was never yet transcended in any Thing of an *extraordinary* Nature. My Motto has ever been, *Minimus in Minimis, et Maximus in Maximis*; and by this deep Device, of thus expounding a Mystery, *enigmatically*, I must certainly be allowed to have

out

out butchins'ed Huthinson, the mystical Hebræan, himself.

As per EXAMPLE.

A R I D D L E.

Dic — Et eris mihi magnus Apollo.

We had a common Father, and one Mother,
And yet among us we had ne'er a Brother;
The same Food nourished us from infant Youth,
Yet never took I Morsel from their Mouth;
Their Raiment was the Sole I could command,
And yet I ne'er wore cloaths at Second-hand;
Their Wives, tho' chaste, I still enjoy at Will,
They mine — all fair — yet neither does an Ill;
My Children theirs' too, and theirs' mine — but
yet,
In this a bastard we did ne'er beget.
Resolve this Riddle, Reader, and your Gains
Shall be — to have your Labour for your Pains.

S O L U T I O N.

By the CRITICAL REVIEWERS.

Alius et idem.

The Rights of Friends have highly been extolled,
For each to each a *second Self* is called.
A fonder Title your Connexions claim,
For *second Selves* ye are not — But the *same*.

And

And now, since this deep Mystery has been so learnedly developed, 'tis full Time for me to take my Leave of the Public, and subscribe myself, Ladies and Gentlemen, your much obliged, and most obedient Servant, *to command,*

B. T. A. B. C.

P O S T S C R I P T.

There are not indeed, so many Initials in my Title, as in the mysterious Signature of the ancient and most benevolent Order, of the *Friendly Brothers*; H. F. H. P. S. S. G. G. K. or H. H. P. S. R. K. C. K, &c. But with Deference to his *Grand Benevolence*, and to the *Grand Master* of Free Masons also, be it spoken, I will be bold to affirm, that there is more Cordiality, and real Good-will, in my *single Society*, than in both the other Orders put together.

And upon this Hint it has just now occurred to me, to institute a *disjunct* Association, more universal, and more permanent, than either of the former; which shall be styled the *Primitive Order of Self*; whose Number will be the Generality of Mankind, and whose Tie can be dissolved by Death alone.

Valete et plaudite.

L E T T E R CCCCLXIV.

Dear FANNY,

I HAVE had a Present made me, by Cousin M——, of two entertaining Volumes, in French, styled *Contes Moraux*, which I shall carry to you, in a few Days, and think it would be some Amusement to you to translate them. A Work of this Kind will not bear a vulgar Translation, it must be done by a Person who is capable of writing English with Elegance and Propriety, for the Style, Language, and Turn of Expression, are the chief Beauties of a Composition of this Kind, and I am very sure that the *Translator of Ninon* must be able to do it Justice.

But lest so formal a Title, as *Moral Tales*, might injure the Sale of your Book, among modern Readers, you must advertise them that the alarming Epithet of *Moral*, is by no Means here intended in a strict ethic Sense, but is to be understood, rather according to the French Expression, of *petites Morales*, or the lesser *Morals*, respecting *Manners* only.

Our Author does not, like *Heraclitus*, fall into a Passion of Grief at the Vices and Immoralities of Mankind; but, like *Democritus*, into a Fit
of

of Laughter only, at their Follies and Caprices. In the first Tale *, for Instance, he exposes the romantic Notion of pure, disinterested Love, shews the Passion, as *Ninon* does, to be a mixed Affection, and humourously ridicules the Vanity and Presumption of those, who expect or imagine themselves to be loved, merely for themselves alone.

Some other Weakness, or Error, not Vice, is made the Subject of every Tale throughout these Writings: I should therefore chuse rather to intitle them *Feibles*, than *Morals*, lest the literal Interpretation of *Contes Moraux*, should not convey, or rather might lead one into a Mistake, with Regard to the Scope, and Spirit of this Work.

But the Reader is not here to expect *Richardsonian*, or ———, or ——— Narratives. The French Fabulist has too much Life and Fancy for such tedious *Winter Evening Tales*,

“ Vexing the dull Ear of a drowsy Man.”

The Stories of *Marmontel*, are rather *Moments*, than *Memoirs*, resembling ingenious Conversations, intermixed with curious Anecdotes, among a Set of polite and sensible Company of both Sexes, in an Afternoon — *passed without Cards*.

* The Alcibiades,

The Whole is formed upon a Plan intirely new, and conducted with most admirable Contrivance, Wit, Spirit, and Gaiety. Come, spread your Paper, sharpen your Wit, nib your Pen, and away with it.

Adieu !

Henry.

LETTER CCCCLXV.

Dear HARRY,

I HAVE received your Triglyph Riddles and confes I like it extremely. 'Tis the first Essay of the Kind I ever knew you attempt in my Life. What I particularly like in it, is that it is *comical*, without being *arch*. I wish I could say so much of some Chapters in the former Part of the Work.

I am impatient for *Marmontel's* Tales, but for the Amusement of reading them, only. I am no Translator, by Profession. — It was by mere Accident I happened to fall into an Essay of this Kind. It was to oblige our lively Friend of *Kilsane*, who has every Thing of the French Woman about her, but the Language. — She found me delighted with the
Memoirs

Memoirs of *l'Enclos*, and wanted to have the same Pleasure communicated to herself.

The Success of that Work, notwithstanding a *Folio* of *Press Errata* to a *Duodecimo*, did, I own, encourage me to undertake some other Work of the same Kind, but before I could get the French Books from England, I read Advertisements of them in the London Papers, notifying their being then *under Translation, by an able-Hand*, for P. Vaillant, or T. Becket, and P. A. de Hondt, or some other *Traducer* of the French Language, as I term it in my Preface to *Ninon* †.

Now I have seen some of these *able-hand* Productions, which, at the best, had always two Faults: Merely a *Dictionary* Knowledge of the French or Italian they translated from, and a vulgar Ignorance of the English Language.

A Gentleman told me, that in some of the blind Alleys of the City of London, he has seen such Labels as this stuck up. — *Here lives A. B. Scrivener, and Translator from the foreign Languages.* These Hackneys are paid so much *per Sheet* for translating Poems, Plays, or *Modeles des Conversations*, as they are for copying out *Bills* or *Actions* in Chancery. — What horrid

† Page 151, English Edition.

Stuff must they give us! And yet there is no helping one's self; for should any Person be every Way capable of executing such a Work to Advantage, he would never be able to sell off the smallest Impression of it.—The Book has been in every one's Hands already, and there are but few People nice enough to go to the Expence of a good Edition, after having paid for a bad one. And as for the Generality of Readers, a Story is a Story, a Translation a Translation, and few are capable of judging between a good and a bad.

Therefore, good Mr. Task-Master, I beg to be excused from taking Pains without Profit; for Praise alone was never any Ambition of mine; I was first dragged into Print without my Consent, and continue still so averse to the unfeminine Vanity of a literary Name, that nothing, but the vulgar Consideration of Pounds, Shillings, and Pence, shall ever bribe me to enter the Lists again.

“No Hireling she, no Prostitute for Praise.”

The last Part is true, but not the first. So fare you well till Friday next, when I know you are under an Engagement to return to your fond, but pusillanimous

Frances.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCLXVI.

Dublin.

Dear FANNY,

I PAID a Visit to Cousin M. ———, To-day, whom I have not seen ever since the first Edition of the Series was published. She said several polite Things upon the Subject, and added, that though she was better pleased with them, than a Stranger could possibly be, yet she was not so much surprized at my Part of the Correspondence. I knew before, said she, that the Talent for epistolary Writing was born with you, which, like the Knack of *Story-telling*, is never to be acquired.

I did not understand her. I assured her that our Correspondence was merely accidental; that we had led one another into it in the Manner mentioned in the Editor's Preface; and that I did not remember ever to have shewn the least Symptoms of the Talent she mentioned before that *Æra*.

She then put me in Mind of a Correspondence she and I had held together an Age or two ago, after she was married, and retired to the Country, and while I was yet a School Boy. — She had desired me to give her a weekly Account of the Health and Situations of her

Friends, with the News and Occurrences of the Times, for her Amusement in her Exile. I had always a great Esteem and Affection for her, and obeyed her Commands most punctually.

She shewed me, then, some Letters of mine, which she had thought worth preserving, and which pleased me well enough; not on Account of any Merit in them, so much as the Juvenescence of Ideas, which they brought back again to my Mind. The Remembrance so strongly marked of that Time of Life, when an Apple was a *Desert*, a Puppet-Show an Entertainment to me, and a Saddle a Throne.

However, I shall send you a Copy of one of them, to shew you that Turn of Reflection, which had so early got Possession of me, with the Politeness and Gallantry I was even then capable of.

The LETTER.

To Mrs. M.—

I AM neither too rich, nor too wise, and yet, believe me, am not contented. I have formed a great many Schemes for Happiness, which interfere with one another. One of them alone cannot afford Satisfaction, and two, or more of them, are inconsistent together; one cannot be
a private

a private Man, and a King, at the same Time, and yet, in neither of these Conditions alone, could I be perfectly at Ease.

To be continually in your Company, would afford continual Happiness; but as that would be contrary to your Scheme of Pleasure, it must, of Force, be so to mine. In Pity then, supply me with some Rules, whereby to attain what I desire, and to regulate the Conduct of my Life, to such a rational End.

Believe me to be sincere in this Request, as well as in the Assurance that I am,

Madam, &c.

L E T T E R CCCCLXVII.

Dear FANNY,

AS I have got into a Way of Essay-writing, of late, I send you a Paper I design for the Chronicle. It took it's Rise from a Conversation which happened here, after Dinner, Yesterday, in which most of the Company joined to abuse Prime Ministers, and inveigh against the Privy Council of both Kingdoms. They soon left me nothing to say on their Side of the Ques-

tion, therefore I took upon me the wrong Side of the Argument, as you know I sometimes do, in order to have some Share in the Conversation. When I retired to my Chamber, I sat down, and digested the Speciousness of my Plea, into the following mock Defence, intituled

A modest APOLOGY for MINISTERS of
STATE.

Short-sighted Politicians exclaim against this useful and necessary Officer. But 'tis more than probable, that those who would be Ministers, not those who would have none, are the Persons who make the greatest Bustle about the Matter. But, supposing this Clamour to arise really from a more disinterested Motive, perhaps we may be able to prove the Advantages of this *prescriptive* Part of our Constitution, from the very Resentment that is shewn against it.

Our national Polity is most admirably constructed, upon the Equipose and joint Concurrence of three *Estates*. The two, of Lords and Commons, are large Bodies, and, it may be presumed, composed of Men of the best Sense, Knowledge, Merit, and Fortune, selected from the Community. The third Estate, too, though constituted only of one Person, yet as the King is supposed always to act, *by and with the Advice of his Coun-*

ail, may be looked upon as a collective Body, also.

This Council we may conclude to be called out from the Members of the two Houses of Parliament, of the highest Rank, Employs, Talents, or Qualifications. And as such Persons must therefore have a due Regard, on the one Hand, for the Prerogative of the Crown, from whence their Honours, Posts, or Pensions, are derived; and, on the other, a strict Attention to the Liberty of the Subject, upon which their Lives, Properties, and other Emoluments depend, they may be considered as a Counterpoise, or Check, against the Inroachments of any of the three Estates; and in a Word, are a political Extract of them all.

However, this fine Pattern of State Mechanism may sometimes be disconcerted by the bad Principles, or mistaken Policy of any of the three constituent Parts. The King, for Instance, from a false Ambition, or Lust of Power, may be tempted, as was the Case in Charles the First and James the Second's Reigns, to extend Prerogative beyond the Law; which, if he should happen to be endowed with any of those popular Virtues, that *Cato* cursed in *Cæsar*, Affability, Liberality, or Clemency, he might possibly effect so far, as to reduce the Legislature to Despotism. On the other Hand, the Senate, from a wrong

Notion of Liberty, or ill-judged Principles of Government, may be for clipping the Prerogative, till, by Degress, as in the Case of the *Long Parliament*, the State might deviate unawares into a Republic.

Now here a Prime Minister, *Deus interfit*, most happily intervenes, to prevent the fatal Consequences of either of these Extremes. For, in the first Case, he prevents the Monarch from ever becoming popular, by intercepting all Manner of Intercourse between him and his Subjects, which might obtain him any Manner of Sway over their Confidence, or Affections. His very Virtues an artful Minister contrives to arrogate to himself, as all Liberalities of Pensions, Places, Pardons, or Honours, are conferred and conveyed through his Channel.

In the other Instance likewise, there can be as little Danger of Republican Principles gaining Ground in a Senate under the Influence of a Minister, who must secure a Majority there, in order to maintain his Post, and screen him from all Inquiry about the Misapplication of public Money, Breach of national Trust, *cum multis*. And if a Sense of Oppression in the Subject, as it often happens, should arise to such an Heighth, as to threaten a civil War, it is but sacrificing the Minister to popular Resentment, and all becomes
Peace

Peace and Harmony on the Instant; while the *Demagogue* of this deluded People raises himself upon his Ruins, and so the ministerial Game begins again.

Now, without this lucky Intervention, *Dignus vindice nodus*, by preventing Popularity, on the one Side, and destroying public Virtue, on the other, England would long since have been reduced to the State of her Neighbours; to the Despotism of the French, on one Hand, or the Democracy of the Dutch, on the other.—From either of which, *oh! Ministers of Grace, defend us! Amen.* R. G.

N. B. This Essay was wrote before Mr. Pitt was appointed principal Secretary of State; whose Ministry has happily blended the Freedom of Republics, with the Spirit of Monarchy.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCLXVIII.

Dear HARRY,

I RECEIVED your political Paradox, and it entertained me. You have proved Ministers to be *necessary Evils*, at least. Something like Woman, one to preserve, and the other to continue the State.

This Kind of Argument resembles the French Game, called *Renverse*, where every Point you gain is for the Advantage of the Adversary. 'Tis like looking in the Glass too, where one's left Hand appears their Right.

You have a great deal of this Turn in you, of *helping a lame Argument over a Style*, as you termed it once, and I really think you equal, in this Way, to Sir Marmaduke Wyvill, who, they say, was the best *Paralogist* in the World.

I have heard you say 'tis like practising Fencing with the left Hand, in order to become Ambidexter; it renders one more *habile*, certainly; but may not an Habit of viewing Things in a wrong Light be apt sometimes to impose upon one's own Reason? Whence are all the Arguments of Atheists and Libertines, but from this Source? Is not ——— But I feel myself growing ridiculous

at

Henry and Frances.

39

at becoming serious, where you are only in Jest.
I ask your Pardon, and am, dear Harry, your
ever affectionate Wife,

Frances.

LETTER CCCCLXIX.

Dunlary, Sept. 30.

Dear HARRY,

THE Weather still continues fair, but the
Air is crisp, and the Sea as cold as melting
Snow. I bathed To-day, and rejoice that 'tis the
last of my Penance. Resolution, to be sure, is
a very good Thing, but certainly 'tis a much
better to have no farther Occasion for it. This,
I hope, is my Case, at present, for I think my
Rheumatism is quite cured.

I wrote the inclosed Lines, this Morning, with
a Pencil, on the wooden Wall of my Booth, just
before I equipt myself for my Voyage. I cannot,
I am sorry for it, write as well as Prior; but I can
do more than he could; I can swear to the Truth
of my Song.

Great

Great Venus, Offspring of the Waves,
 Oh! hear thy Suppliant, while she laves.
 With humble Modesty I sue,
 And ask a Boon that's something new.
 To me thy choicest Gifts impart,
 Not to enslave, but keep one Heart,
 Thy Grace-imparting Zone, ah! lend,
 To please my Husband, Lover, Friend;
 Let me to his fond Eyes appear,
 For ever lovely, ever dear,
 No other Swain I wish to charm,
 No Love, but his, my Breast can warm.
 For his dear Sake I thus explore
 The chilling Wave, and Health implore
 To deck me with her rosy Hue,
 And still my passing Youth renew.
 Here then, and grant thy Vot'ry's Prayer,
 With Hymen join'd, *for once* appear,
 And though ten Years of Life have roll'd,
 Since first we lov'd, let it be told
 Ages to come, that still thy Power
 Remains the same as in that Hour,
 When first our mutual Vows were made,
 When first thy Precepts were obey'd.
 Long may our Loves this moral Truth proclaim,
 That Hymen cheers, not damps, the virtuous
 Flame.

Frances.

LETTER

L E T T E R CCCCLXX.

Dear FANNY,

I HAVE been employed, Yesterday Morning in sorting and separating our Books, in order to form a Library for you, and another for myself. In your Catalogue I have inserted *Don Quixotte*, and, by Way of taking Leave of it, I sat down, Yesterday Evening, to look into a Book which I had never read a Chapter of since I was seventeen Years old. It caught Hold of me, I read till I went to Bed, and have spent most of this Day in the same Amusement.

This is Jarvis's Edition, which is the last; and I suppose the best; but yet it has only given me Occasion to lament that the Work has not been better translated. However, this may not be the Fault of the Translator, 'tis difficult, almost impossible, to do Justice to a Writing of *Humour*; and I agree with Lord *Wharton*, who said it was worth any Person's while to take the Trouble of learning Spanish, meerly to have the Pleasure of reading *Don Quixotte* in the Original.

Cervantes had too much Spirit to be correct, and has broke the Thread of his Story, in several Places; and in others spun it out, beyond it's Strength.

Strength. The Novel of the *Curious Impertinent* is but impertinently introduced, as it has not the least Connection with the main Story, not even enough to form an *Episide*, as the other Stories have. It is entertaining and ingenious enough in itself, but has no Business there. It put me in Mind of a curious Line, in a ridiculous Ballad, I once met with. The *Garland* supposes a Gentleman and a Lady to be walking together, in a Summer's Evening, through the *Meadows and Fields*, and then absurdly breaks in with this Expression,

He play'd her a Tune, by the Way, on her Harpsichord.

Now, though an *Overture* of this Sort might have been an agreeable Amusement enough to a Lady, at a proper Time and Place, yet here certainly the *Decorum* of it was quite destroyed, though the *Dulce* might remain. I dare say the Bard meant the *Guitar*, or some such portable Instrument; but the *Tyranny* of *Rhyme* wrested his Sense, as has been the Case with abler Poets than himself.

But to quit this *Badinage*, let me take Notice of the Title of this Novel, than which nothing can

can be more absurd, and improper. The Story is thus: An Husband has a Mind to try the Fidelity of his Wife, in order to raise her the more in his own Esteem. He prevails upon an intimate Friend of his to make the Experiment, and it ends unhappily to all the Parties.

I have never seen the original Spanish, nor do I understand the Language; but to judge from the Catastrophe, the fatal Curiosity must have been the true Meaning of the Title, which all the ignorant Translators have rendered *The Curious Impertinent*, giving to a Tragedy the Title of a Comedy. Just so they have styled Scarron's Work, *A Comical Romance*, from a literal Interpretation of the French Title, *Roman Comique*; whereas, from the Subject of the Piece, the Title of it should have been construed, *A Theatrical Novel*.

But these are Instances, among a Thousand, of the extreme Insufficiency of the Generality of Translators. — The Liberty of the Press should be ever held sacred in a Land of Freedom, with Regard to all Strictures upon public Measures, on which the common Interest of the Nation depends; but with Regard to all Works of Literature, it were much to be wished, that *Licensors* were appointed in the several Departments of polite Learning. This I recommend to the

Falklands

Falklands of the Age we live in, which abounds so remarkably with Patrons of Letters in all its Branches. And Reason good,—those who have Merits to record, naturally encourage those who are best qualified to transmit them. — Good Translations from the approved French and Italian Writers might enrich our Language with elegant Turns, and copious Expressions, instead of debasing it with vulgar Phrases, and *scrivener Idoms* *.

Farewell,

Henry,

* See Letter CCCCLXV, Part 5.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCLXXI.

Dear HARRY,

I HAVE amused myself, all this Morning, with turning over the Heap of Pamphlets which lie in your Closet, and have selected together those which are upon moral or religious Subjects. Thus have I been employed, like the Angel at the last Day, separating the Good from the Bad.

I have a Mind to make a Compilation of Essays upon these interesting Subjects; many of which may be pickt up out of the monthly Magazines, and daily Papers. Many Passages from your own Writings too, might be introduced very properly in a Work of this Kind, which I should style, *The Christian Chronicle*.

I dare hope, that a Collection of this Sort would be well received, for I think that there is more Virtue still left in the World, even than the World itself imagines. Nay those, who are debauched themselves, would at least have their Children virtuous..

But then, these Writings must not be published in the Style of Sermons, nor any Text or Authority attempted to be urged to such a Race of Philosophers as we are become, that has not
it's

it's Foundation in the *self-sufficient Weakness* of human Reason. For there is so strange a Perverseness in Mankind, with Regard to this Point, that I have heard some Ignorants say, that Divines are not to be credited, as they have a *Self-Interest* in the Success of their Doctrines. As if we were not all equally *self-interested*, in the tremendous Business of Salvation!

The Reflections which have, all this Day, occurred to my Mind, upon these Subjects, have done me more Good than the Perusal of a Volume would have done. Reading is the Food, Conversation the Exercise, but Contemplation the Physic of the Mind.

“ 'Tis most true,

“ That musing Meditation most affects

“ The pensive Secrecy of desert Cell,

“ Far from the chearful Haunt of Men and

“ Herds,

“ And sits as safe as in the Senate-house.”

I will indulge myself in Thought, for writing restrains it too much, so, my dear Harry,

Adieu!

Frances.

LETTER

L E T T E R CCCCLXXII.

Dear FANNY,

I HOPE to have the Pleasure of meeting you in Dublin, next Wednesday, for we are preparing here to go up to the Meeting of Parliament. They say it is likely to be a warm Session, for *the Patriots* are in as deep Council, as if they were forming a Conspiracy together.

It would be an useful Work for some ingenious Writer to lay open to the Public, the Difference between *Popularity* and *Mobirality*; that the World need no longer be deceived in Opinion, nor inflamed in Conduct, by the plausible, but fallacious Pretences of some Haranguers.

The *mobilar* Spirit infused into the People of Ireland, in 1753, has been the Root of all the Tumults and Rifings in this Kingdom ever since. They were first made mad with a Notion, that all Governors, sent over to us from England, had it in commission to plunder and enslave us. Their Authority was then looked upon as Tyranny, and it was natural to resist it.

We seem to have no other Method of manifesting our *Patriotism*, but by distressing Government; and our Drift is plain, by our being bought off. This very Opposition lays Govern-
ment

ment under the Necessity of multiplying those very Evils we so loudly, and with so much Reason, complain of. Places and Pensions must be increased, to enable them to carry on the necessary Business of the Nation ; for such is the Corruption of the Times, that we must be bribed even to serve ourselves.

Would our Legislators shew themselves Patriots, without Equivocation, let them give Attention to the Framing of good Laws, to the Encouragement of Manufactures, of Agriculture, and to the Reformation of Manners. This would be sufficient for those who solely intended the Good of their Country, and were to be satisfied with that Praise and Reward, which arises from Virtue alone. The rest are but Mountebanks, who only strut the Stage for their own Emoluments, to the Destruction of their Patients' Health.

“ I love the People,
 “ But do not like to *stage* me to their Eyes.
 “ Though it do well, I do not relish well
 “ Their loud Applause, and *Ave's* vehement ;
 “ Nor do I think the Man of safe Discretion,
 “ That does affect it.”

Farewel,

Henry.

P. S.

P. S. Write to me by Tuesday's Post to Killculleri. It will be great Satisfaction to me to know how you do, and our Arthur too, before Dinner.

L E T T E R CCCCLXXIII.

The Farm.

Dear HARRY,

OUR poor dear Friend, I am afraid, has not long to live. One may see in his Eyes, as through a Lamp, the near Extinction of it's Fire; and his Pains seems to have left him, merely from a Want of Strength to feel them.

He is sensible of all this himself, but continues his Chearfulness still, while he can keep himself awake. Mrs. N.— thinks he does not sufficiently *prepare* himself for Death. Devotées make too great Account of Forms; regarding too much *the Outside of the Platter*.

What is a Death-bed Repentance! To ask Forgiveness for Sins, when in a Condition to sin no longer — To be rather afraid, than sorry — To feel Attrition only, without Contrition — To dread God as a Magistrate merely, not reverence him as a Parent. To make a formal Con-

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fession,

feſſion, and pray Remiſſion of Sins, perhaps lurking ſtill in the Heart, and, even in the Article of Death, unrepented of. Deceitful and tremendous Scene !

Our dear Arthur may make the ſame Answer that *Socrates* did, for indeed his Life has been his Preparation for Death ; and is really an edifying Sight at preſent. Habits muſt be fixed in Youth ; our Minds become too weak for Virtue when our Bodies are rendered too feeble for Vice. An Indolence of Vice, is not Virtue. ;

“ At length the Tumult of his Soul’s appeas’d,
 “ And ev’ry Doubt and anxious Scruple eas’d ;
 “ Boldly he proves the dark uncertain Road,
 “ The Peace, his holy Comforter beſtow’d,
 “ Guides and protects him like a guardian God.” }
 Amen !

Frances.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCLXXIV.

The Farm.

Dear HARRY,

I SHALL go to Town To-morrow, to meet you, according to the Advice of your last Letter. As to the two Particulars you fondly desire to be resolved about, I am, thank God, in perfect Health, and our Arthur just as I described him in my last.

I was shewn a Poem this Morning, which the Person said he did not know had ever appear in Print ; and as it is upon the present Subject, and that I love arresting pretty fugitive Pieces, and laying them by, I shall copy out and send you, for your Amusement on the Road.

AN HYMN TO HEALTH.

WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

Sweet as the fragrant Breath of genial May,
O ! come, thou fair Hyge, heavenly born,
More lovely than the Sun's returning Ray,
To northern Regions at the Half-Year's Morn.

Where shall I seek thee? In the wholsom Grot,
Where Temperance her scanty Meal enjoys,
Or Peace, contented with her humble Lot,
Beneath her Thatch th' inclement Blast defies.

Swept from each Flower that sips the Morning Dew,
Thy Wing besprinkles all the Scenes around,
Where-e'er thou fliest, the Blossoms blush anew,
And purple Violets paint the hallow'd Ground.

Thy Presence renovated Nature shews,
Each Shrub with varigated Hue is dy'd,
Each Tulip with redoubled Lustre glows,
And all Creation smiles with flow'ry Pride.

But, in thy Absence, Joy is seen no more,
The Landscape wither'd, ev'n in Spring appears,
The Morn lours ominous o'er the dusky Shore,
And Evening Sun sets half extinct in Tears.

Ruthless Disease appears when thou art gone,
From the dark Regions of the Abyss below,
With Pestilence, the Guardian of her Throne,
Breathing Contagion from the Realms of Woe.

In vain her Citron Groves Italia boasts,
Or Po the Balsam of her weeping Trees,
In vain Arabia's aromatic Coasts,
Tincture the Pinions of the passing Breeze.

Me, abject me, with pale Disease oppress'd,
Heal with the Balm of thy prolific Breath;
Rekindle Life within my clay-cold Breast,
And shield my Youth from Canker Worms of
Death.

Then

Then on the verdent Turf, thy Fav'rite Shrine,
 Restor'd to thee, a Votary I'll come,
 Grateful to offer, as a Rite divine,
 Each Herb that grows round Æsculapius' Tomb.

L E T T E R CCCCLXXV.

[Dear FANNY,

I HAVE spent this Week in reading *Bolingbroke's* philosophical Works. His Style and Manner are captivating, and are capable of seducing any Reader who will suffer himself to be led away by him, without stopping, now and then, and thinking a little for himself.

The Way I took, was this : — When I had gone about half through him, I opened the Manuscript of the *Triumvirate* ; and read over my own *Confession of Faith*, with Attention *. I might have turned to much better Writings upon that Subject, but my own was shorter ; and one's own Arguments have generally a better Effect on the Mind than those of others. Besides, I could not readily recollect any of the Divines, who had ventured to reason upon an *Article of Faith*.

* See Chapter CXLII.

I have just now finished his last Volume, and shall compose my Mind to wholesome Reflections for the Remainder of this Day, upon the whole Scope of the Work; and, in order to fix them more strongly in my Mind, I shall write them down here, as they may arise, without waiting to digest or connect them.

Abstract Ideas not able to fix the Attention, or govern the Mind of Man. Sensible Objects, Ceremonies, &c. therefore, necessary. There is a Religion for a Philosopher, and a Religion for a Mechanic; though their Faith the same. Whatever Belief, Opinion, or Awe, is most likely to direct and rule the Actions and Morals of Mankind, must consequently be right.

Certain difficult and scrupulous Persons may say, that a pretended Revelation, though answerable to so good a Purpose, is, notwithstanding, a Lye; therefore, &c. It may be so in *Terms*, but not in *Morals*, which is all we need here contend for. A Revelation has been the universal and continued Belief of Mankind, from the first Account of Time; the Necessity and Expediency of it then must be agreeable to the general Reason of Man, and *Vox Populi*, &c.

Why then did not God give us a System of Religion from the first? If I say he did, you
are

are answered. If I don't affirm, I may answer by asking, why he did not give a System of political Laws? But, in Effect, he has done both, by giving Reason to Man, from whence they are both deduced; the Modes only left to his Judgment and Prudence, to be adapted as Circumstance, or Convenience, might require.

Cavilling Theists may urge, that all revealed Religion gives an improper Character of God, debases the Idea of his infinite Power, Perfection, &c. and is, therefore, Blasphemy. But this is still quarrelling about Words, and is absurd also, by tending to prove, that any Notion of a God, at all must be Blasphemy, because all Ideas of him must fall infinitely short of his Nature.

The Pagan Religion inculcated Morals, and had therefore their salutary Use, among the People, though Philosophers laughed at them. But then they never attempted to unsettle the *political Faith* of their Country about them. The Stories of the *Pantheon* were only poetical Fictions; and suppose it were even granted that the Theology of *the Fathers* are but metaphysical ones, yet why should not modern Philosophers be at least as good Common-Wealth's Men as the Ancients were? For Truth, like
D 4 Lightning,

Lightning, may give only *Light* to one Man, but *Fire* to another.

I am pleased with a Sentence of *Samuel Johnson's*, upon the Publication of this Work. *Bolingbroke*, said he, had charged a Cannon against Heaven, with all the Artillery of Hell, and *Mallet* † set a Match to it.

More Thoughts, on the same Subject, are still occurring to me, but the Servant waits to carry this Letter to the Post.

Adieu!

Henry.

† The Editor of the Work.

LETTER

Henry and Frances.

LETTER CCCCLXXVI.

Dear FANNY,

THE Train of thinking I had got into, in my last Letter, continued itself for the rest of the Evening; but all I am able to recollect of it, at present, is an Observation which I think remarkable, and which I never remember to have been taken Notice of before, that occurred to me at that Time.

Reflecting upon Socrates's ordering a Cock to be sacrificed to Æsculapius, at the Time of his Death, in Deference to the Superstition of his Country — to *avoid Giving of Offence to weak Minds* — the Comedy of the *Clouds* came into my Mind; and one Passage in it struck me strongly, for the first Time.

Aristophanes hints plainly at a *Trinity*, by the Mouth of *Socrates*; and calls it *Chaos*, and *Clouds*, and *Tongue*. These three Expressions, I think, may, without much straining of their Sense, be interpreted, *The Origin of Nature*, *The Comforter or Refresher*, and *The Logos*.

I much wonder that those deep Divines, who have been ransacking all *Mythology*, and squeezing every Letter of the Hebrew Alphabet, for Mystery, have not yet hit upon this Remark,

which I here most generously make them a Present of. Perhaps this might have been one of the Reasons for *Socrates* being said to be a *Christian*, before *Christianity*.

There is a great deal of *Humour* in that Comedy. It must have raised the highest Mirth, and provoked the highest Indignation, imaginable, at the same Time, according to the respective Dispositions of the Audience. However the virtuous Part of the Spectators prevailed so strongly, on the first Night of it's Appearance, that it was never suffered to be exhibited a second Time. And yet, so precarious is the Fate of Things, that very *Lampoon* laid the Foundation of all that Virulence of Prosecution, which persecuted that great Man to Death, some Years after.

“ To subdue th' unconquerable Mind,
 “ To make one Reason have the same Effect
 “ Upon all Apprehensions; to force this
 “ On that Man, to think just as I do;
 “ Impossible — unless Souls, which differ
 “ Like human Faces, were alike in all.”

Farewel,

Henry.

LETTER

L E T T E R CCCCLXXVII.

Dear HARRY,

MR. — was to pay me a Visit this Morning, and we had a good Deal of Conversation about you, but principally on your Writings.

He told me had liked them all, extremely well, as to the Matter, Argument, and Sentiment; but thought that there was rather too great an *Audaci.é*, (his Word) in the Style and Expression.

He said that you frequently take too much Liberty with the English Language; using Words often in a different Sense from the common Acceptation of them; turning Nouns into Verbs, and turning Verbs into Nouns again, to the Confusion of all Grammar.

He said that this was *trop Hazardé*, (his own Expression) and presuming, for any Writer, who had not already established a Character, sufficient to be his *own Authority*.

As his Charge was general, I could only defend you generally; I said, that all Authors, of any Character at all, had something peculiar

in their Manner of expressing themselves ; and that Writers are as much distinguished by their Style, as Printers by their Type.

That whether it might be owing to my having been used to the same Manner of expressing yourself, in common Conversation, or no, I perceived no greater Boldness in your Writings, than the allowed Privilege which Scholars use, of rescuing Words from their present *Decadence*, (my own Word) by bringing them back again to their primitive Derivation.

This Liberty, I confessed, might sometimes render you unintelligible to many Men, to many Women, and to many Children ; but then, said I, who would write for such Readers ?

As to the *Nouning* and *Verbing*, which he so heavily charged you with, I told him I dared answer for it, that you never *confounded Grammar*, though I owned you sometimes puzzled a Dictionary, — and might hereafter enrich one.

The only Particular he entered into, was the Word *Purpose*, which he said you generally use differently from other Writers, instead of the Verb *Propose*. — I was pleased to have him come to a Point within my Compass. I told him that to *purpose*, and to *propose*, were not only Words of *different*, but of *contrary* Meanings.

That

That to *purpose* was to intend, or resolve, within on's self. — To *propose* was to offer, or submit, a Thing to the Choice or Determination of another.

I owned, indeed, that this Distinction is seldom attended to, in Speech, or Writing, but surely, manifest bad English can never be of sufficient Authority to bind one down to a false Usage.

But I must now have done with all farther Criticism, for I am just called to Cards, which has a privileged Dialect of it's own. So *Hearts is the Trump* the Word, and

Farewel,

Frances.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCLXXVIII.

Dear HARRY,

I AM extremely unhappy in having this Article of News to communicate to you. that poor H. G. is gone mad. Good God! what Security has any one for enjoying their Senses a Day, after so extraordinary an Instance of this Sort of Affliction!

He was young, chearful, and sensible. He had neither *Passions*, nor *Learning*, beyond a School-Boy. His Constitution sound, his Fortune whole, and his Mind unbroken. No mortified Ambition, no puffed-up Pride, no disappointed Love.—No severed Friendship—nor no *conscious Guilt*. In fine, no Fever in the Blood, nor Anguish in the Mind, to inflame or fret the Fibres of the Brain.

Under such a Character and Description as this, one would as soon have taken a Lease of his Sanity, as of his Life. Whence proceeds his Disorder then? Are we struck with Phrenzy as with Lightning, in a direct Line? This was the Opinion of the Ancients, at least, who, supposing both to come from Heaven, held the Person or Place sacred, that was smitten by either,

I fancy

I fancy I see you making a low Bow to me, now, for this Piece of literary Information; but I would use the Prerogative of our Sex, and prate away for an Hour or two, regardless whether I informed, or entertained, if it could serve to banish the Thought of my unhappy Friend.—But the Subject is too serious for this, so I shall take my Leave, and betake myself to fitter Reflections.

Adieu!

Frances.

L E T T E R CCCCLXXIX.

Dear FANNY,

I HAVE been reading, this Morning, an extraordinary Story. In the Year 1753, a French Mechanist Philosopher exhibit to the Public, an *Automaton*, resembling a Man; of such curious Artifice, that it's Speech and Motions appeared perfectly natural and human. It spoke Sentences, and performed several surprising Feats, which might cheat any Person, who was not apprized of the Machinery, into an Opinion of it's being a living Creature.

I am afraid this Piece of Workmanship has been executed with a very mischievous Design; because

because there has been published, lately, in France, an execrable Treatise, with this Title, *Man a Machine*. I have read it, and think that the Marquis d'Argens, who is the Author of this, and the Jewish Letters, is a Man of Wit, but a very poor Philosopher.

However, as the Generality of Mankind are much more deficient in that Respect than this Author, the very Title of the Book is capable of doing a great Deal of Harm. Even the great Sanctions of Religion, added to the Laws of Man, are not sufficient to secure the Peace and Safety of Civil Society. How much more precarious must these become, when human Means are left to themselves? For if Men be Machines, Death must annihilate all Sensation.

If the curious Mechanist, mentioned above, has framed his Clock-work with a View of supporting such weak and wicked Reasonings as these, he certainly deserves to feel the whole Weight of those Punishments, which he would endeavour to set bad Men free from the Apprehension of. Prometheus, indeed, is said to have stolen Fire from *Heaven*, to animate a Statue of Clay; but the Moral of this Fiction is the very Reverse of the Author and Artificer's Attempt, here mentioned; who seem to have borrowed theirs' from *Hell*.

There

There is a Story, I have somewhere read or heard, which occurs to me upon this Occasion; that a very adept Chymist produced, once, before the State of Venice, a Piece of malleable Glas; upon which they highly commended the Ingenuity of the Performance; but considering well, that this Art would render Gold and Silver of little Value, that this would destroy the Medium of Traffic, put a Stop to Trade, and prevent the mutual Intercourse of Nations, they ordered the Virtuoso to immediate Execution.

Philosophy is at a Loss to know what Term to style this Action by.—Shall we call it cruel Justice, or just Cruelty? But the Moral however, is obvious.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCLXXX.

Dear FANNY,

THE Subject of my last Letter led me into some good Reflections; I love to indulge my Mind in them, and shall think away, as usual, upon Paper.

It really affords a very gloomy Prospect to take a View of Mankind, with Regard to the tremendous Article of Salvation! How few are free from damning Vices! How much fewer ever rise to any Degree of Virtue, even by the common Road of Morality! Fewer still are governed by the Principles of Religion, in general; but how scarce the Harvest of those who are guided by the great Lights of the Revealed?

But, even of these, I fear the far greater Number are not actuated by a *lively saving Faith*, but render, as it were, a mere, cold, philosophic Assent to the Truths of the *Gospel*; and may, at best, be deemed but *lukewarm* Christians; whereas the true saving Faith is an active, lively, warm, and feeling Conviction; the first Step toward which must be, a sincere Wish that it may be true, and a charming Hope that it is so, formed upon a just Reasoning that it would be better for the World it was, at least, believed

believed to be so; that, taking in all Circumstances, it would be better still, upon the Whole, that it really was so, and from the Analogy of the whole Works, and Dispensations of God, in the framing and governing this World, that therefore it must certainly be so. For as Philosophy has already determined that *whatever is, is right* *, surely, it were no Presumption in Divines to add, that *whatever is right, as certainly is*.

All Modes or Principles of Religion, before the Christian Faith, were but blasphemous Nonsense. The most refined heathen Morality falls short of the Scripture Ethics. The cobwed System of the Deists, *Beauty, Fitness, Taste, moral Sense, &c.* is absurd and gross, in this Particular, that by making *Virtue it's own Reward*, they have rendered it sensual, and it may be deemed a Sort of *virtuous Lust*, while Christianity may be more chastely styled, a *religious Love*.

However, the modern Deists pretend to charge Sensuality too upon Christians, and *Shaftsbury* has this witty Bubble, in some Part of his frothy Writings — “ That the Sanctions of Rewards “ and Punishments have rendered Religion so “ mercenary, that he does not see what Merit

* Pope's Ethics.

“ there

“ there can be in a good Christian, worth Re-
 “ warding.”

This, indeed, I am afraid, is true, with Re-
 gard to the lukewarm Christian abovementioned,
 or one who is governed or restrained by Fear
 alone; but reflects not upon that saving Faith
 which actuates the whole Man with the Christian
 Love and religious Adoration of God; whose
 whole Soul is wrapt up in the sublime Contem-
 plation of infinite Power, Wisdom, and Good-
 ness, and whose Actions are regulated solely by a
 fond, and disinterested Complacency toward those
 great and essential Attributes [in the Almighty
 Being. The *seeing* divine Truths, may make
 Men *speculative* Christians, but the *feeling* them
 is necessary to render us *practical* ones.

I am afraid that the Virtue of Deists, and mo-
 ral Philosophers, who exclude the Sanction of
 Rewards and Punishments, is generally little bet-
 ter than a *Virtuoso Taste* for Pictures, Flowers,
 Medals, &c. which Persons, in Ease and Afflu-
 ence, may cherish and entertain themselves with
 but would be tempted to sacrifice often to the
 Pleasures of Sense, to the Improvement or Sav-
 ing of their Fortune. This refined speculative
 Idea never made any Man a Martyr for his
 Religion or his Country.

We

We live like Brutes, almost the best of us. Just preserve ourselves within the Verge of Nature, without enrapturing our Souls with Hopes, Wishes, and Contemplations befitting a Creature that is soon to partake of an higher Order of Intelligence — in Happiness — or Misery —

Adieu !

Henry.

LETTER CCCCLXXXI.

Dear HARRY,

I RECEIVED both your Letters, and read them with great Satisfaction and Pleasure. I am delighted whenever I find you launch out into such interesting Subjects as these. — I like you much better in your *Andrew's** Character, than your *Carew* one † “ It well becomes a Man, “ as *Ninon* says of the Count *de Gramont*, who “ is no longer young, to forget that he ever had “ been so ‡.” But you have a Right, my Harry, to expect perpetual Youth, thought not in the

† Alluding to the *Triumvirate*.

‡ In one of her Letters to St. *Evremond*.

puerile

puerile Enjoyments of this Life. Your Actions, ever since I have known you, intitle you to it, and all your Thoughts should, and I am rejoiced to find are, still turned toward the Contemplation of that immortal Æra.

How wretched should I have been, with any other Kind of Man! How miserable must it be to love a Person here, whom we may have Reason to fear for hereafter! May I ever not only govern my Actions, but guard even my very Thoughts in such a Manner, as may continue my Communion with you in that Place, where Momus's Wish shall be accomplished, and that we shall converse intuitively together, by Hearts alone †.

Amen.

Frances.

† The Satyrift of the Gods, who said that Man was formed imperfect, because he had not a Window placed in his Breast, to afford Inspection into the inmost Recesses of his Soul.

LETTER

L E T T E R CCCCLXXXII.

Dear FANNY,

I WAS not able to execute your Commissions myself. So if you don't like the Fancy and Price, you are to quarrel with Mrs. L— about them, who was the Person I employed, as I have been confined, these three Days, with that Serpent in my Bosom, the Cholic.

This often renders my Life extremely miserable, and makes me a bad Christian too. We are advised to "take no Heed for the Morrow, what we shall eat, or what we shall drink;" but alas! my constant Attention must be given to these Articles, lest "sufficient to the Day, &c."

The Things I love best, all Fruits and Vegetables, are forbidden, as if Physicians thought the Serpent had instilled his Poison into every Thing in the Garden, as Divines say he did into our Great Grandmother. But indeed all Foods, I think, equally disagree with me, so that I must never expect to be well, 'till I become a Spirit, and can live without the dangerous Helps of Meat or Drink.

This is the eighteenth Year, since this Disorder first seized me. What a Constitution, both of Body and Mind, must I have had, to stand such frequent

quent and severe Attacks ! My Constitution is, to the full, as valid, during the intervals of these Agonies, as my Years will admit of ; and my Spirits have never yet been conquered by the Continuance of the Distemper ; which has all the Effects of Poison, except it's final Ease.

However, as

“ The young Disease, which shall subdue at
“ length,

“ Grows with our Growth, and strengthens with
“ our Strength :”

I suppose this Disorder to be my peculiar Speck of Mortality, which is to mark my Body for the Grave ; but if it proceeds no faster than it has hitherto done, it may not be so much deemed the *Arrow* of Death, as the *Sickle* of Time ; and it is pretty equal to me, what Instrument the old Mower whets his Scythe with.

Adieu !

Henry.

LETTER

L E T T E R CCCCLXXXIII.

Dear HARRY,

I HAD a very disagreeable Journey, hither. The Road, you know, is dull, and tedious, and the Company, to the full, as much so. Therefore you may conclude that I never opened my Eyes, but to number the Mile-Stones, nor my Mouth, except to yawn.

Don't some Philosophers say that we bring no Notices with us into the World, but pick them all up here, through the Medium of the Senses? And that even the very abstract Ideas of *Time and Space* are apprehended in our Minds, by the *Succession* of Ideas; of Events, and Objects, only?

My Journey and Company, for these two Days past, have equally contradicted their Assertion. 'Tis certainly the *Continuance*, not the *Change* of Ideas, that renders Time long. *Variety* shortens it. Let any one but measure, in their own Mind, the Length of an Evening, past in agreeable, and in dull Company. And who has not thought a *Sermon* longer than a *Play*?

And as for Space, you'll please to inform the Philosophers, in my Name, that a dull Road is always more tedious than a pleasant one, and

that Diversity of Objects, Views and Prospects, would make a Journey of an Hundred Miles appear shorter than one of fifty, through a Desert.

I don't go so far as to say, that these Circumstances can vary the *vibrating Periods* of the one§, or the *geometrical Paces* of the other, (for I must speak *definitively* before [Philosophers,]) but all I contend for is, that they make a vast Difference in the *Conception of the Mind*, which is all that is necessary to support my *Q. E. D* †.

Mrs. C— came to see me this Evening, and helped to *shorten it*. She is an agreeable, chearful, *good-humoured old Maid* — *rara Avis*. She told me a Story, which pleases me extremely. You shall hear it, too.

A Mr. Gumbleton made a very bad Husband, for several Years of his Life. Squandered away his Wife's fortune, and deeply involved his own, with Women, Wine, and Play — She applied to her Friends, they interfered, and Mr. Gumbleton most readily consented to a Separation. They remained for some Years in this disjoined State, till a Brother of her's happened to die,

§ Moments, or the first Article of Time, are measured by the Vibrations of a Pendulum.

† A Mark set at the End of all mathematical Proofs, for *Quod erat demonstrandum*, or *which was to be demonstrated*.

lately,

lately, and left her a good Estate, vested in Trustees' Hands, for her sole Use.

Upon this, Gumbleton puts on the deepest Mourning, prepares sable Paper and Wax, and writes to his dearly and well beloved Wife a most penitential Letter, of four folio Pages, urging his hearty Contrition, a thorough Sense of his own Unworthiness, his perfect Reformation of Manners and Morals, with an extreme Impatience to be restored, for Life, to the superlative Happiness of her Favour and Forgiveness.

To this her Answer was immediately returned, in these Words, only :

Don't I know you, Mr. Gumbleton?

I think that this Sentence even exceeds the Spirit of the Spartan Laconics ; for it contains the Conciseness of their Expression, with the Severity of Reproof at the same Time.

Don't I know you, Mr. Gumbleton?

Adieu!

Frances.

L E T T E R CCCCLXXXIV.

I WAS much pleased with your Letter. I am glad to find you so deeply engaged with the Philosophers, while I stand aloof, at a safe Distance, and regard the Fight. They scorn to ask my Assistance, and I must not take up Arms against them. I was bred up in their Schools, and what is only open War in you, would, in me, be Rebellion.

I am as much delighted as you are, with the Story of Gumbleton, and like the Reply, for both your Reasons. I love short Sentences, and speedy Executions. A Person told me a Story lately, in this Style, which affected me a good deal.

A Gentleman had bought a Horse, some Time ago, which happened not to answer his *Vouchings*. He called upon a Friend, who told me this, to go with him, and call the Jockey to account, for the Imposition. The Man's Wife answered in a faint Voice, *You cannot possibly see him now, Sir.* "The Villain has Reason good to be ashamed to shew his Head, but, when ever I meet him, I shall lay his own *Arms* on his Back, and *horse-whip* him while I am able to stand over him."

Then, Sir, you never can see him; for he is gone to Heaven.

The poor Woman burst into Tears at this Expression, and walked away. The Indignation and Disdain, which could have roused her to so severe a Sarcastm, so strongly contrasted with the tremulous Tone and faltering Accents of her Speech, formed such a Scene, as my Friend told me, that ——— but say no more on't — say no more on't.

Adieu!

Henry.

L E T T E R CCCCLXXXV.

Dear HARRY,

TH E Story, which my dear Harry mentions in his last Letter, affected me perhaps too much. I could almost hope that the unhappy Woman was not conscious of the Force of her own Expression, for I have frequently observed, that Grief renders Persons eloquent, who never were so at any other Time. I don't know whether this may be philosophically or physically accounted for, but I have met with many Instances

of this Kind. Shakespear says, that *Grief is proud, and makes it's Owner stout*. The Force of this Sentiment does not immediately strike upon the Mind, because Grief, in general, arises from our Imbecility to prevent our suffering either Loss or Pain, and is, of Course, humiliating. But then that thorough Indifference which we feel for ourselves, and every Thing that surrounds us, when we are deprived of the only Object which could constitute our Happiness, gives an Idea of Independence and Superiority over every Thing, which can neither contribute to our Felicity, nor alleviate our Misery : And in this Sense, Grief may be said to be proud. Young has very happily expressed this Thought, on the Death of Narcissa, “ My World is dead.”

This is a Subject that I have been too fond of dwelling on all my Life. - It was the first Passion that ever took Possession of my Heart, and that at an Age, when we are most susceptible of strong, though not permanent, Impressions. But neither Youth, Vivacity, nor Time itself, has been able to erase the fond Remembrance of that poignant Sorrow, which I felt for the Loss of the most tender and indulgent Father. This early Misfortune, has, in some Measure, ingrained the Complexion of my Mind, and left a Kind of *sombre Tint* upon it ; so that in the highest
Happines

Happiness I have ever known, from your kind and generous Conduct towards me, I have silently lamented that my Father did not live to see the Completion of his Felicity in mine. But as you said on the Death of Mr. K——, “He is dead, but thou art alive.” Thou, my “Guide, Guardian, Kinsman, Father, Friend,” and while Providence shall be pleased to let me preserve all these tender Names, in the still dearer one of Husband, it would be the Height of Ingratitude not to acknowledge myself,

My dearest Henry's truly happy,

As well as affectionate Wife,

Frances.

LETTER CCCCLXXXVI.

Dear HARRY,

I SEND you a Thing I cut out of this Day's News-paper, which is strongly wrote, but upon a Supposition which I hope, for the Sake of Humanity, but particularly for the Honour of my Sex, is not — cannot be true. I do not believe there is so much Vice in the World, as is too generally imputed to it; but I am afraid there is Malice enough in it, for twenty such Globes as this.

All Friends here are well, and send their Loves to you, and believe me to be, dear Harry,

Your truly affectionate Wife,

Frances.

EPITAPH for the late EMPEROR of RUSSIA.

Here lieth

(Waiting for a glorious Resurrection)

The Remains of the most high and puissant

PRINCE

P E T E R III.

Emperor of all the *Russias*;

Leaving behind him a Memento of

The Instability of

HUMAN

Henry and Frances.

818

HUMAN GRANDEUR,
POPULAR DUTY.
SACRED OATHS,
And
CONJUGAL LOVE:

For,

From a SPLENDID THRONE, he was dragged
to a dark Prison,

By

Traitorous and faithless Subjects,
Prompted, encouraged, and headed,

By

The WIFE of his BOSOM;
And then most inhumanly and barbarously,
In Cold Blood,

MURDERED!

Oh! READER!

Confess there is a Devil,
For what other Being could inflame the Mind
To such an abominable Act
(Of more than Savage Cruelty)

As THIS?

Committed by that infernal Princess

CATHARINE II.

By the WRATH of GOD!

Empress of *Russia*;
Whose Diabolical Rage
Put to Death

The PARENT of her Children,
Her HUSBAND, and EMPEROR,

And

GOD's ANOINTED.

Hear this

And

Tremble

Ye MONARCHS of the EARTH..

LETTER CCCCLXXXVII.

Dear FANNY,

I RECEIVED your Paper, and am much pleased with your Reflexions upon it. To make you Amends for the Malignancy of this Writing, I shall treat you with another, in the same Style, but a far more commendable Spirit, which was wrote upon the Death of another Peter, the First, of the same Empire *.

The Epitaph you sent me, as well as the one wrote by *Arbuthnot*, upon *Chartres*, seem to have borrowed their Hint from this Original, in the Manner, Measure, and Disposition of their Lines.

Adieu!

Henry.

• By Aaron Hill.

Here

Here under deposited
Lies all that could die of a Man immortal ;

PETER ALEXIOVITZ :

It is almost superfluous to add,

Great EMPEROR of RUSSIA :

A Title,

Which, instead of adding to his GLORY,
Became GLORIOUS by his wearing it.

Let ANTIQUITY be dumb,
Nor boast her ALEXANDER,
Or her CÆSAR.

How easy was Victory
To Leaders who were followed by Heroes ;
And whose Soldiers felt a noble DISDAIN
To be thought less brave than their Generals !

But HE,
Who in this Place first knew Rest,
Found SUBJECTS base, and unactive,
Unwarlike, unlearned, untractable,
Neither covetous of FAME,
Nor liberal of DANGER ;
Creatures with the Form of Men,
But with Qualities more brute than rational :

Yet, even these
He polished from their native Ruggedness ;
And breaking out, like a new Sun.
To illuminate the Minds of a People,
Dispelled their Night of hereditary Darkness ;

Till, by Force of his invincible Influence,
 He had taught them to conquer
 Even the CONQUERORS of Germany.
 Other Princes have commanded victorious Armies.

HE CREATED them.

Blush, O ART !

At an HEROE, who owed THEE nothing.

Exult, O NATURE !

For THINE was this Prodigy !

LETTER CCCCLXXXVIII.

Dear HARRY,

MR S. N — is just returned from her Visit to the North. I went to see her this Morning, and she told me a melancholic, and shocking Story, of an Affair which happened lately in the Neighbourhood where she was.

The unhappy Woman, who is the Subject of this Tragedy, lived at Inniskillen, and was not above nineteen Years of Age. She had been married about two Years, and lived with her Husband, all that Time, with seeming Ease and Chearfulness.

Last Week she swallowed Arsenic, and died immediately. She was remarkably chearful all that Day, had Company to dine with her, made
 Tea

Tea for them, in the Evening, set them down to Cards, retired to her Chamber, and drank her Cup of Lethé.

She left a Writing on her Table, in which is, but obscurely, hinted the sad Occasion which urged her Impatience to this desperate Act. Mrs. N — had got Possession of the Original Paper, and has given me Leave to take a Transcript of it, which I have copied for you, in it's own Style and Language.

It has sunk my Spirits, extremely.

Adieu!

Henry.

The TRANSCRIPT.

THIS is to let all the World know, that hears of me, that it's no Crime I ever committed, occasions this my untimely End: But despair of ever being happy in this World, as I have sufficient Reasons to think so. I own 'tis a sinful Remedy, and very uncertain to seek Happiness, but I hope that God will forgive my poor Soul: Lord have Mercy on it; but all I beg is, to let none reproach my Friends with it, or suspect my Virtue or my Honour in the least, though I am to be no more.

Comfort

Comfort my poor unhappy Mother, and Brothers, and Sisters; and let all Mothers take Care, and never force a Child as mine did me; but I forgive her, and hopes God will forgive me, as I believe she meant my Good by my Marriage.

Oh! that unfortunate Day I gave my Hand to one, whilst my Heart was another's, but hoping that Time and Prudence would at Length return my former Peace and Tranquility of Mind which I wanted for a long Time: But, Oh! it grieves me to think of the Length of Eternity; the Lord save me from eternal Damnation. Let no one blame *Martin Dixon* †, for he is in no Fault of it.

I have a few Articles which I have a greater Regard for than any Thing else that's mine, on Account of him that gave them to me, (but he is not to be mentioned) and I have some Well-wishers that I think proper to give them to.

First to *Betty Balfour*, my silver Buckles; to *Polly Deeryn* my Diamond Ring; to *Betty Mulgan* my laced Suit, Cap, Handkerchief, and Ruffles; to *Peggy Delap*, a new Muslin Handkerchief not yet hemmed, which is in my Drawer, and hopes for my Sake these Persons will accept

† Her Husband.

of

of those Trifles, as a Testimony of my Regard for them.

I would advise *Jack Watson* * to behave himself in an honest and obedient Manner, in Respect to his Mother and Family, as he is all she has to depend upon now. I now go in God's Name, though against his Commands, without Wrath or Spleen to any one upon Earth; the very Person I die for, I love him more than ever, and forgives him. I pray God grant him more Content and Happiness than he ever had, and hopes he will forget me, only to remember such a one died for him.

There was, not long ago, some Persons pleased to talk something against my Reputation, as to a Man in this Town; but now, when I ought to tell the Truth, I may be believed, if ever I knew him or any other but my Husband, may I never enter into Glory, and them I forgive who said so, but let that Man's Wife take Care of them that told her so, for they meant her no Good by it.

With Love to one, Friendship to a few, and good Will to all the World, I die, saying, Lord have Mercy on my Soul; with an Advice to all People never to suffer a Passion of any Sort, to command them as mine did in Spite of me. I

* Her Brother.

pray God bless all my Frinds and Acquaintances and begs them all to comfort my Mother, who is unhappy in having such a Child as I, who is ashamed to subscribe myself an unworthy and disgraceful Member of the Church of Scotland.

Jane Watson, otherwise Dixon.

With Lord have Mercy on my Soul.

P. S. Perhaps they won't agree about burying me, but I don't care where, though I would rather be beside my Father.

LETTER CCCCLXXXIX.

Dear FANNY,

I HAVE been amusing myself, To-day, with reading some Commentators upon the Beauties of the ancients Poets. But there is one Merit imputed to them, and many of the Moderns have as good a Title to the same, which I think is rather a fond than a sound Criticism in their Favour.

They deem it a peculiar Excellence to make the Sounds of Words, or the Currency of Lines, to echo the Sense of the Expression, or resemble the Meaning of the Description.

“ When

" When Ajax strives some Rocks vast Weight

" to throw,

" The Line too labours, and the Words move

" slow.

" Not so, when swift Camilla scours the
Plain, &c."

But this I will undertake to prove has been done, by the worst, as well as the best poets; may happen in Prose as well as Verse, and must universally do so in all Languages.

For this is not owing to the Address of the Orator, or Poet, but a mere Coincidence, arising solely from the natural Construction of Speech, by the original Adaption of Sounds to Things. Heavy ones being expressed in heavy Words, and light ones in light. Long or short, in long or short ones, either in Syllables, or Measure. So that such refined Critics do, in Reality, but compliment the Poet, with the Merits of a Dictionary.

But even though the Words should bear no Sort of Analogy, between their Sound and Sense, in the original Formation of them, yet would the mere Connection of Ideas supply this imaginary Beauty; for Words, which are used to express certain Things, will always convey the Weight or Measure of their respective Ideas in the Sound.

I will

I will give you one Instance, from Virgil, which may be within your own Comprehension. *Procumbit bumi bos.* *The Ox lies on the Ground.* The Beauty of this Passage, depends upon the Monosyllable *bos*, which they say is descriptive of the Animal's gathering itself together, and falling plumb on the Pasture.

Now only change *bos* into *mus*, and the *musical* Critic would cry out, *ridiculus mus!* Why? not that *mus* is not as heavy a Monosyllable as *bos*, but that a *Mouse* is a lighter Animal than a *Bullock*.

Perhaps one of the Beauties of Hudibras, pointed out by some Commentator, I forget his Name, might be quoted, not unaptly, here, in Ridicule of such verbal Critics as I have been speaking of.

Quoth Hudibras, I smell a *Rat*,
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricat.

Observe here, cries he out, in a Rapture, how naturally the *Cat* follows the *Rat*!

But enough of this Subject, for I hate finding Fault. Therefore I shall spend the rest of the Evening, in thinking of nothing else but my dearest Fanny.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER

L E T T E R CCCCXC.

Dear HARRY,

I DON'T think I should thank you for your too severe Stricture upon what you term the *musical* or *verbal* Critics; because it will destroy a good deal of the Pleasure I used to receive from the Reading of some of our best Poets. You are, I am afraid, too much of a Philosopher for your own Enjoyments.

In Return, I send you a Poem, which has nothing but Words alone in it. 'Tis an happy Imitation of Swift's *Love Song*, in the *modern Taste*, wrote by a young Clergyman, Son to Doctor B——.

I have imposed it on all the Girls, many of the Women, and some of the Men, of my Acquaintance, as a genuine Piece. — Some said 'twas pretty; others, that it was poetical; and others, that it was well enough, really, for a Thing in the *sing-song* Strain.

The Truth is, that one is not prepared to expect any great Sense, or Genius, in Sonnets or Love Odes, and if the Lines are but smooth, and the Periods well rounded, we are not apt to look farther. So that a Person, of good Apprehension enough in other Matters, might possibly
be

be taken in by a Thing of this Kind. I was pleased with a Girl, who, upon reading Swift's Mock Ode, cried out, with Pleasure and Surprise, *Ha! I am glad the old Snarl is caught at last.*

THE SERENADE.

THE Morning fair, all Nature gay,,
 Why, why should *Gloë* sleep?
 Why should those Eyes that cause the Day,
 Sad solemn Dirges keep?

Beneath a Myrtle Bank she lies,
 A Rose sustains her Head,
 Around her Limbs soft Daisies rise,
 And form the ambient Bed.

Ye guardian Angels of the Fair,
 Hither, ah! gently bend,
 Expand your silken Wings in Air,
 And this lov'd Nymph defend.

Lo! *Damon* steals from yonder Bow'r,
 T'insult the Maid's Repose,
 See, see, he grasps the treach'rous Flow'r,
 He plucks the guilty Rose!

So mild *Bellone*, as Poets sing,
Was lull'd by *Lethe's* Stream,
When *Argus* came, with *Hydra's* Sting,
And wak'd the pensive Dame.

Now *Cloë* rises from the Ground,
And *Damon* murmurs Love,
Whilst gentlest Odours whisper round,
From *Zephyr's* bloomy Grove.

So when *Arachné*, lovely Maid,
With Wisdom's Goddess strove,
Soft Odours blushing through the Shade*,
Confess'd the Heroe's Love.

Learn hence, ye Fair, and trust not Love,
Nor flatt'ring Man believe,
Since Nature's Self can treach'rous prove,
Oh! how must Art deceive.

* *Bentley* reads *Glade*.

LETTER CCCCXCI.

Dear FANNY,

YOUR Ode delighted me. 'Tis equal to Swift's throughout, but exceeds it, in the last Stanza, by the Addition of a Moral, which is an Improvement to poetical Narratives, borrowed from our old English Ballads.

I shall now treat you with a Writing of the same Kind, which I have had by me for some Time. It was given to me by a Gentleman, who told me he did not know the Author. I have tried it archly, on one or two, with Effect, but soon laid it by, as I grew ashamed of such Disingenuoufness.

ODE on SCIENCE.

O HEAVENLY born! in pensive Cells,
 If fairest Science ever dwells,
 Beneath the moss-grown Cave;
 Indulge the Verdure of the Woods,
 With azure Beauty gild the Floods,
 That flow'ry Carpets lave.

For

For Melancholy ever reigns,
Benighted in the Sylvan Scenes
Of Scientific Light;
Whilst *Dian*, Huntress of the Vales,
Seeks lulling Sounds and fanning Gales,
Though wrapt from mortal Sight.

When *Solon* and *Lycurgus* taught
To moralize the human Thought,
Of mad Opinion's Maze;
To erring Zeal they gave new Laws,
Thy Charms, O Liberty! the Cause
That blends congenial Rays!

Bid bright *Astrea* gild the Morn,
Go bid an hundred Suns be born,
To *hecatomb* the Year.
Without thy Aid, in vain the *Poles*,
In vain the *Zodiac* System rolls,
In vain the lunar Sphere.

Drive Thralldom, with reluctant Hand,
To curse some other destin'd Land,
By Folly led astray;
Ierne bear an azure Wing,
Energic let her soar, and sing,
Thy universal Sway.

So

So when *Amphion* bade the Lyre
 To more majestic Sounds aspire,
 Behold the madding Throng!
 In Wonder and Oblivion drown'd!
 To Sculpture turn'd by magic Sound!
 And petrifying Song!!!

L E T T E R CCCCXCII.

Dear FANNY,

MY Friend here has put me in Possession of the inclosed original Letter of Lord *Strafford's* to the Vice-Treasurer of Ireland; which he found lately in looking over some Family Papers, as he happened to marry the Grand-Daughter of the Treasurer.

This Letter affected me a good Deal, and there is something in it, which, even at this Distance of Time, seems to amount to a better Vindication of that unhappy Man's Innocence, than all he has said, in his public Defence, on the Trial.

There is, however, a Hint here, of some private Dealings between the Correspondents, which his Lordship chuses to have kept concealed.

But

But then these Transactions might not have been of unwarrantable Nature, Persons in Employ have sometimes private Dealings with a public Officer they have usual Resort to, though nothing relative to his Office.

Now, though this Business might not have been such, as he need have been at all ashamed of; yet, as there appears to have been an Attempt made by his Enemies, to come at the Knowledge of it; and not knowing what Design they could have had, in thus prying into his private Concerns, or how far they might possibly be able to turn it to his Disadvantage, he was certainly very innocently in the right to have kept the Secret from them.

—— It is the Curse of Greatness
To be it's own Destruction.

I shall detain you no longer from the Perusa
therefore take my Leave.

Your's,

Henry.

Mr. VICE TREASURER,

SINCE I left Ireland, I have past through all Sorts of Afflictions, yet (I praise God) I am not dismaid with all, but trust that God, of his infinite Goodnesse, by which I have been preserved till this Tyme, will send mee a Deliverance forth of these Bonds, as I am in them unexpected: But indeed the Losse of my excellent Friend, the Lord Deputy, more afflict mee than all the rest, by how much I have in my own Esteeme farre more to loose in my Friend then in my selfe.

There are due unto you from mee a Number of Thanks, for your discreet Concealing from Persons very ill affected to mee, how the Accompts stood betwixt you and mee, which I desire you to doe still, with this Assurance, that it shall never doe you Hurt in any Kinde, and that my Misfortune shall never render mee soe low, but that my Integrity may continue mee the good Thoughts and Wishees of my Friends. It is true that some mean Myndes may perchance think this my Night, but indeed I am and have my selfe in a better Opinion, never having done any Thing I need be ashamed of, and am able in much Tranquility of Mynde, to look thorow
this

Henry and Frances.

99

this foul Weather. To suffer, so it be not for our ill Doeing, is the Condition of our fraile Humanity, and, to a constant Mynde, must not sure be very hard to undergoe it.

I shall be very glad to heare from you, sometimes, how Affairs goes, and you shall be very safe with mee, onely send not your Letters by the Ordinary, for they must passe thorow Hands, neither safe for you nor mee, but in Mr. Secretary Manwaring's Packet, with whom all the Irish Affaires are now settled, you may trust them.

Your Friend Ranelaw is not content to practise, in a strange unworthy Way, the Death of Radcliffe and mee, but labours the Ruine of my Lord Chancellor, and Lowther, Men more vertuous and wise than himselve. But indeed I trust he shall not be able to hurt any of us. Blesse your self from him, for I take him to be very bad; God forgive him, and take us into his blessed Protection.

Tower Your very faithfull Friend,
of London, And Servant,
15^o Decemb.
1640. STRAFFORDE.

F 2

LETTER

LETTER CCCXCIII.

Dear HARRY,

I RECEIVED Lord Strafford's Letter, and felt as you did, on reading it. Subjects of Distress draw more Reflections from me than any other. I always enter into their Defence, as if I could yet do them any Good. But methinks 'tis pleasant to excuse a Person, even to one's self. This is the only Use I draw from History.

Whoever considers that Reign impartially, must pity both the King and Minister extremely. Think what was the Constitution of England before the Revolution. To carry up the Era no higher than the Action at *Bosworth*, (and as for any Use to be drawn from what went before it, we may as well read the History of Japan.) Whether Henry the Seventh looked upon his to be a Right of Conquest, or only acted according to former Usage, he certainly ruled more despotically than the King of France does at this Day. — Harry the Eighth more so, than Mary, Elizabeth, and James.

Thus was Tyranny, under the Title of Prerogative, handed down to the poor Martyr, through five successive Reigns; not much interrupted by

Edward

Edward the Sixth, who *willed away his Crown*.— And thus were both Charles, and his Minister, of precedented Opinion upon the *Right Divine* of Kings.

But Liberty is so naturally inherent to Mankind, that sooner, or later, the most despotic States make a Struggle for Freedom. The Stand then made, was a glorious one, and had it been conducted, at that Time, with Policy and Justice, we might have happily been in Possession of the *Revolution Charter*, about fifty Years sooner than we were, and without Bloodshed.

But public Spirit is always cruel. I mean no Reflection. 'Tis unavoidably so. Leaders in Opposition are not able to carry their Point, without engaging the People on their Side. To engage, you must inflame. Popular Attachment is like Wax, it must be heated to make it stick.

Public Spirit, then, in such a State, is no longer to be governed by Reason or Justice. — The Remedying of Grievances is not Object immediate enough for the Populace, besides it more regards Posterity; but they are fond of an Execution, they can see and rejoice in that themselves. They cannot see a Reason, but they can an Example. Reason and Justice may govern a Man, but not a Multitude.

—— To subdue th'unconquerable Mind,
 To make one Reason have the same Effect
 Upon all Apprehensions; to force this
 Or that Man, to think just as I do,
 Impossible! unless Souls, which differ
 Like human Faces, were alike in all

Those who look back at those Times, through
 the Medium of the Revolution, very naturally
 censure Charles the First; and all the Virulence
 thrown out against him, is owing to the having
 turned the reverse End of the Perspective to our
 political Eye. But those who trace him forward,
 as I have done, will pity him, as I do.

Adieu!

Francis.

LETTER

L E T T E R CCCCXCIV.

Dear FANNY,

I HAVE been indulged the Pleasure of reading a Manuscript, To-day, wrote by our late Bishop*. It is a sacred and dramatic Poem, in blank Verse, on the Story of *David*. I had often heard it spoken of with Advantage, but had never seen it before.

It is too incorrect and imperfect to be published as it stands at present, for he was too indolent and slothful to take the Trouble, or spare the Time, necessary to revise and complete it. — For he was an *Offory Joker*.

I wish I could send up the Manuscript to you but in the mean While, I shall give you some Extracts from it, which I copied out for your Entertainment.

Abishai. Abiathar.

Abishai.

Thy holy Function guards thee from Suspicion
And safely draws each Secret to thine Ear;
Inform me then, is *Saul* disturb'd for nought?
Or, in good Truth, does *David* on himself
So turn the Stream of this light Peoples' Love,
That *Saul's* left friendless on the naked Shore?

* Doctor Maurice, Bishop of Offory.

Abiathar.

Thou hast seen *Jordan* pure and lucid Stream,
 Through *Sodom's* Sea of turbid Billow glide;
 Fain would they mix with his their Lake impure;
 Indignant he, rejecting their Embrace,
 Rolls to his Gulph his unpolluted Waves.

Saul. Jonathan.

Jonathan.

Oft the Sense

Encounters vain Illusion; jaundic'd Eyes
 Tinge every Object with their own Infection:
 To the hot feverish Palate all is bitter;
 And in the Ear sits moping Melancholy,
 Which in the Passage changes every Sound.
 Sweet is the warbling Lute, sweet the soft Breath
 Of female Voice, and sweet the Poet's Lay;
 But to the Brain distract, nor warbling Lute,
 Nor Breath of female Voice, nor Poet's Lay,
 Bring their own Sounds.

Saul

Saul. Abner.

Abner, speaking of the Friendship of David and Jonathan.

Go, righteous Pair,

Spread the Lord's Banner where his Name
unknown,

Ride on and follow your victorious Hands,

That teach you dreadful Things. — And when
we both,

When *Saul* and *Abner* with their Fathers sleep,

Of Age and Honour full, of Triumphs weary,

Keep up their Memory with resembling Deeds,

And corresponding Fame. — May hoary Chiefs,

After the Glory of some doubtful Day,

Reclining on their Spears each other tell,

Such were the Swords of *Abner* and of *Saul* —

So on the Foe rush'd they, so form'd their Battle.

Saul.

O! thou hast stretch'd my Days beyond their Span,

Far into future Time, and distant Joy!

Let us indulge the Thought. — Perhaps the Soul,

Transmissive from the Father to the Son,

Lives after Death: — Perhaps, assum'd to God,

Is yet drawn down to the relinquish'd World,

By Force of human Virtue. — Or thence smiles,

Even in God's Presence, on the noble Deeds
Of Sons, of Kindred, Countrymen, or Friends—
Or is this Fancy's Vision? the last Hope
Of dying Thought, that struggles in Death's
Gripe,

Abhorrent of Oblivion's dreadful Gulph.

Or is all vain? Strange Doubts confound my
Thought.

I'm weary of the Prospect, far too wide

For mortal Ken; extended to perplexed.

And I am tired of copying.

Amen.

Henry.

LETTER CCCCXCV.

Dear HARRY,

I HAVE received your Extracts, and read them with infinite Pleasure. I like such Writings.—'Tis restoring Poetry to it's original Foundation, the Praise and Glory of God. I should be better pleased still, if I was sure Doctor Maurice owed his Bishopric to his Merit in such Performances. But alas! the Policies by which Men rise in this World, are confined to this World only.

I shewed

I shewed your Letter to Mr. J——. He was much pleased with the Extracts; and joins me in desiring you will be so kind to send us some more Passages out of the same Writing, since you cannot afford us the Entertainment of reading the whole Manuscript.

He asked me what you meant by the Term of *Offory Joker*? I could not give him any clear Idea of the Expression, as that Set of Men had been quite extinct, before I ever had the Pleasure of seeing the County of Kilkenny; and though I often heard them mentioned, I never had Curiosity enough before to make any Inquiry about them. I desire the Favour of you to give us an Explanation of this Phrase, for the Information both of your Friend, and your truly affectionate

Frances.

F 6 LETTER

L E T T E R CCCCXCVI.

Dear FANNY,

I AM set down now to satisfy and disappoint, perhaps, at the same Time, the Curiosity of you and your Friends, about the *Offory-Jokers*, as I confess mine was upon the same Occasion.

When I was a very young Man, I had heard this set of Men spoken of, with great Encomiums, by several of my Relations and Friends, who resided in that County. I loved, as was natural Pleasantry, Facetiousness, Wit and Humour, and therefore longed to be introduced among them; which Satisfaction I happened to receive, very early, for when I was about seventeen, I was invited, by my Uncle, who was himself one of the most eminent Companions among them, to spend a Summer at his House in the Country, in the Midst of these celebrated Geniuses.

This Society was originally instituted by Sir T. V. who was Bishop of this Diocese. He was a Man of Wit, Humour, and Letters loved Hospitality, Company, and Mirth; and was, in every Sense of the Word, *un bon Vivant*. He was not very nice in the Choice of his Guests,

for

For every Person, who answered either Part of the Description that Falstaff gives of his own Character, who was witty themselves, or the Cause of Wit in Others, was welcome to his Table.

With what Spirit, or Propriety, the Humour was originally sustained, I know not, for this facetious Bishop was dead before I had gone into that Diocese; but the Species of it, that I observed among the Remainder of the Club, was of the grossest and most absurd Kind that ever I had met with before — *even at School.*

I have seen a well covered Table stripped before sitting down, and the Meat and Sauces thrown by the Guests at one another, in a Fit of Rumps, and rustic Meriment. — I have known a Person, who valued himself upon having the best Mutton in the Country, have a Carion Joint served up at Table, by one of the Company's bribing the Steward to kill the leanest Sheep in the Fold, or by telling the Fellow that it was in order to win a Wager for his Master.

Their Conversation was worse. They must have a *Butt*. In Failure of which, like *Pikes lank with Hunger*, they fell foul of one another. I have heard one Man rallied for being *bad Pay*; another for being a *trading Justice*; one Man, for being a Coward; and another, for being a Cuckold. In short, their whole Humour was

either

either practical Jokes, or scurrilous Jest; and their whole Wit and Address employed in rendering each other mutually uneasy or ridiculous.

Such were the *Offery Jokers, en Groupe*; but separately, as distinct Members of general Society, they were mostly Men of Honour, Humanity, Friendship, and rational Converse.—I have passed many agreeable Days with each of them alone; but where two or more of them happened to meet together, they formed, to my Thinking, as disagreeable and unimproving Set of Company as ever I drank a Bottle with.

Rest their Souls, they are all dead now, and this Country is, at length, become *civilized* and *neighbourly*. But I have the Misfortune to hear that there has lately started up among us an inferior Club of Jokers, imitative of the former's Fame, both in Manners, Speech, and Action; so that we are to be again *haunted* with the *Ghost* of that Humour, which was not, at the best, even the *Shadow* of Wit.

So now farewell to the *Jokers of Offery*, and to you too, 'till next Post, for the Extracts you desire would not well consort with this Subject.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCXCVII.

Extracts from *David*, continued.*Abner.*

HARD is their Lot, and doubtful still their
 Fame,
 Who in unquiet, envied, slippery Glory,
 Stand before Kings. — On one Hand charg'd
 with Guilt,
 Not in their Purpose. — Or perhaps condemn'd
 For Innocence; and never prais'd or blam'd
 For Actions good, or bad, with full Consent.

*David. Jonathan.**David.*

—— But see Morn
 Chiding my Stay, and, lighting my Escape,
 With rosy Hand puts by the Veil of Night.

Jonathan.

And whither wouldst thou fly? Can the wide Earth
 Afford thy wand'ring Steps securer Rest
 Than thy Friends Mansion? Can thy Father's
 House,
 Thy loving Sisters, or thy warlike Brethren,
 Hide or protect their *David* like his *Jonathan*?

David.

David.

From Jonathan I fly. — Why should my Ruin
Involve my Prince, *and make me perish whole?*
What Friendship is there in the Grave, the Land
Where all Things are forgotten? Far enough
Has follow'd me thy Love. — Now let me roam
'Through Lands unknown, *thy Fame will find me*
there,

And cheer my uncouth Way through Nations wild,
Let me break from thee, *ere my Mind revolve*
What 'tis to leave thee! lest my Soul be caught
In Snares of Passion, and, with Fondness blind,
Neglect thy Danger. — By pure holy Friendship,
'Tis Death *to me* to go. — Again my Stay
Is Death *to thee!* Away — O! let me fly,
Fly from thee on the Wings of Love and Fear.

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*David. Jonathan.**Jonathan.*

'Tis but the Spirit of true generous Friendship,
Friendship struck out from Virtue at a Heat,
Not piec'd and hammered in the tedious Furnace
Of Interest, or Alliance, or Ambition,
Artificers

Artificers of Fraud. — Let such Confederates
Lay their cold Hearts and plodding Heads together,
And dream of distant Schemes of Wealth and
Honour,

Unloving and unlov'd. — Reap we the Fruit
Of Friendship ripen'd in it's very Birth,
While honest Youth invites, and our Breasts burn
With Ardour sent from Heaven, angelic Love !

David. Jonathan.

David.

But on these Terms
I buy thy Presence, that in my Defence
Thou move not thy kind Hand ; nor aught attempt
Against thy Father. From such Seeds as these,
Horrid Rebellion springs. — Some specious Cause
First props her sickly Head, and leads her on,
Seeming reluctant, till grown strong and bold,
She, as the harden'd Harlot, or the Witch,
Throws off the Mask of Modesty and Right,
Disturbing Order, and confronting Kings,
And Heaven itself that had anointed them.

Jonathan.
I mean not to rebel. —

David

David.

Few Rebels do.

O! stifle the first Thought of dire Rebellion,
 Promise of Liberty and Right, that leads,
 Fallacious Fiend, through Tumult, Blood, and
 Slaughter,
 To Anarchy, to Slavery and Oppression,
 Redressing fancied Wrongs with real Woe.

Jonathan.

Amazing Loyalty! but wound too high,
 By tempting Kings perhaps to more Injustice.

David.

Is there a Proof of Loyalty, but Wrong,
 A sure and certain Proof? All Men are loyal,
 Or seem so, while the Rays of Majesty
 Shine full upon them. — But a Storm, a Cloud,
 Drives them to Treason's Cave: Whence they
 crawl out,
 Transform'd like fallen Seraphim, and hiss
 At their Creator. — But to me, my King
 Is in the Place of Heaven, from whose wise Hand
 Shall I receive good Things, and not bear ill?
 His Heart is in God's Hand, which like a Stream
 Now gently flows, enriching it's fair Margin,
 Now swells above it's Sides, and deluges the
 Harvest.

Jonathan.

Jonathan.

The Ploughman therefore banks it in.

David.

————— In vain.

It bears the Mounds along, oppos'd, that would
Return unheeded to it's Bed and Bounds.

Me, like a Tree close-planted by it's Side,
This Stream has fed, nourish'd my Root, and
spread

My fruitful Branches. — There will I abide,
And let it's Rage flow o'er my yielding Boughs.

What do you think of David's Maxims of *passive Obedience*, and *Non-resistance*? His Argument is, in general, just, though *wound too high*, perhaps, as *Jonathan* says, — But the good Bishop was an *High-Churchman*, and had been early nursed in *Tory Principles*.

I am tired of transcribing, but another Letter will comprehend the Remainder of my Collection, though I own I have made it more scanty than I need have done.

*Adieu!**Henry.*

LETTER

LETTER CCCCXCVIII.

EXTRACTS continued, and ended.

*Michael. David.**David makes a Confession of his Love.**Michael.*

————— **I** COULD with your Friend
 Were here, to moderate your Warmth, and fix
 That fickle-Heart, that leaves him for a Woman.
 I wish him here to break this Conference;
 Perhaps your Fervour might bear more Respect
 To him than me, —————

David.

————— It now has leap'd the Bounds
 That long confin'd it, and has cast off Fear,
 And glories to be seen. Let all the Youth
 Of Israel know that *David* pines for Love.
 Ye Shades and Fountains, conscious of my Woe,
 Not unmelodious, tell what you have heard.
 Ye Stars, that listen'd to my nightly Song,
 Smiling you seem'd to listen from your Spheres,
 Tell the next-rising Sun what you have heard.
 And thou, O Sun! proclaim it thro' thy Race,
 Whether thou followest of the Saffron Morn
 The rising Light, or up the Steep of Heaven

Climbest

Climbest sublime, or tenderest prone to lave
Thy faded Lustre in the briny Main.

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Saul. Michael.

Saul.

My People, weary of my Age, would chuse
A younger King, thy *David* for their Lord:
Does Hope, or Horror startle thee? This Crown
Thou must preserve for me, by watching him;
Inform me of his Purposes, his Friends,
His Business, and his Leisure, and his Feasts.
Him chose I for thy Love, thee for his Guard.
From thy Hands I require him; be thou bless'd,
And think whose Daughter, not whose Wife,
thou art.

Michael.

For ever undivided be the Thought.
God of my Youth! thy holy Word and Light
Fix in my Soul, and drive away it's Night.
Direct my doubtful Feet thro' slippery Ways,
So shall the Wife and Daughter sing thy Praise;
Strengthen'd

Strengthen'd in Virtue, as advanc'd in Life,
 Shall shine th' Example of the Child, and Wife,
 Shew the Consistence of thy perfect Law,
Such as self-tutor'd Nature never saw;
 Transmit it to the Blessings of the Womb,
 To Kings from David's Loins, and Nations yet
 to come.

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Michael.

What need I Guards? My Father's royal Leave,
 My Duty, and my Innocence, and Love,
 And Heaven, that sees my Truth, will guard my
 Ways

Thro' the lone Mountain, or the pathless Wood,
 Thro' the Night's Gloom, or thro' the fervid Ray,
 Thro' Hosts embattled, and thro' *godless Lands*,
 Direct my love-wing'd Feet to my Lord *David*.

.....

Michael.

Michael.

My Heart to Phaltiel

They cannot bear — To righteous Heaven I vow
Never to share his Bed. His House may be
The Prison of my Body, not my Soul.

My Thoughts at Freedom shall pursue my Lord,
My only Lord, my David; whether his God
Or glorifies, or shades him; whether my Sun,
Wrapt in a Cloud, or shining from his Sphere,
'Thro' the blue Convex of the Sky serene,
His destin'd Journey run, his faithful Wife
Shall turn, like *Heliotrope*, her watchful Head
To him alone, regardless of herself,
'Till Violence wring her Honours from the Stalk,
Or Nature drops them on her Parent Bed.

After these Passages comes an enthusiastic
Vision of Saul's, prophetic of the Succession
of David, and the various Fortunes of his
Lineage, which is extremely fine; but too
long, and too much connected with the rest of
the Poem, to be comprized within the Compass
of a Letter. I shall therefore pass it by, and
proceed

proceed to the few Notes which remain in my Selection.

David. Abishai.

David, speaking of Saul's Host, so infinitely superior to his own.

But could I bring his Numbers to the Field,
What Right have I to wage a War with Kings?
Against each other they in horrid Fields,
'Tis true, exhaust their Nations; but how Heaven
Requires that Blood, I know not; but I know
That I must make Account to God for all
The Blood I shed, unwarranted by him,
Each Drop not shed for his anointed Soul.

Abishai.

Has God then two Anointed, to confound
Suspended Loyalty? As when the Sun,
The God of eastern Lands, imprints his Ray
On a Cloud's compact Vapour, and thence shines
Another Sun. The trembling Priest aghast,
All doubtful stands, unknowing where to send
The Odour of his Incense.

Abishai.

— does the Lord anoint
His Kings to Man's Destruction? Shall they
waste

And ravage his Creation? And shall Man
Or think, or style them Gods? It is Idolatry.
I would as soon worship a fall'n Seraph,
Disfigured, and deformed, disown'd of God,
Scattering his Rage thro' all his Maker's Works.
Wert thou a King like Saul, God by his Hand
Should punish his Resemblance lost.

This is spoken to David, who was preaching
up *passive Obedience* to his Friend, who would
have smote Saul, whom they discovered asleep
in the Cave. This, with the preceding Speech
of Abishai, may be considered as a Kind of *Pali-*
nade, to the last Passage quoted in my last Letter.

After the Ghost of Samuel has denounced De-
struction against Saul, and his Family, the un-
happy Victim, whom the Art of the Poet has
wrought his Readers up to an humane and feel-
ing Compassion for, makes a most generous,
and heroic Oration, just before the last Engage-
ment.

Saul.

————— Fate comes on fast
 From Heaven, from Heaven it comes, tho' told
 from Hell.

And let it come — I deprecate it not,
 I die a King, and will be felt in Death.
 But that my People, and my Sons must fall!
 O stern Behest! O too severe Decree!
 Nor see, nor hear, what thou hast seen

and heard,

Nor let the Terror of this Midnight
 Scene,

To his Ar-
 mour Bearer

Chill the Lord's Host — I'll make the Battle
 strong.

To save their Slaughter is a Kind of Conquest.
 When we are fall'n, when Saul and his whole
 House

Are slain in Fight, God may turn back the
 Sword

Accept this willing Victim for thy Land,
 O King of Kings! be all thy Wrath on me,
 But spare, O spare thy People! — Now for War.

The Bravery and noble Daring in the four first
 Lines, with the tender Reflections of the King,
 and of the Father, in the two following ones,
 contrasted with such perfect Contrition and Re-
 signation to the Divine Will and Chastisement,
 expressed

expressed in the rest of the Speech, whether it be owing to the Nature of the Subject, in which all Mankind are equally interested, or to the superior Excellence of the Poet, form all together, in my Opinion, a much more pathetic and sublimer Passage, than any to be paralleled with it from Homer, Virgil, or Milton.

I am, my dearest *Fanny*, your ever affectionate Husband,

Henry.

L E T T E R CCCCXCIX.

Dear HARRY,

I THANK you extremely for your Extracts, and so does our Friend here, who is equally charmed with them. We wish you had made a larger Collection. But you must get us a Sight of the whole Manuscript, if possible.

I have had Leisure, since you left me, to read *Marmontel's Tales*, and was very well entertained with them. They are, in general, well told and have a Novelty and Spirit in them. The Author says, in his Preface, that he designs them as Fables for Comedies, but I think there are not many of them that can answer that End. A

Moral is wanting in most of them, which, though not much attended to in modern Compositions for the Stage, leaves the original Intention, the *utile dulci*, don't you call it? of such Representations, shamefully imperfect.

I have amused myself with translating the first Tale, or *Acibiades*, but do not mean to trouble myself with any more of them, for the Reasons I gave you before *; except perhaps the *Shepherdes of the Alps*, which is a favourite one of mine; though I am much displeased with the Conclusion of it. *Adelaide* should never have married again, if I had been to have wrote the Story.

There is one very pretty Thought in it, which I think both just and new, that, of all the Arts or Sciences, Music is the only one that affords a solitary Pleasure. The rest require Companions, to see, to hear, and admire; but this alone gives the Performer sufficient Enjoyment in his own Sensation.

Certain it is that were any Person, who was Master of Painting, Poetry, Statuary, or Sculpture, irrevocably secluded from the World, in a desert Island, they would find no Manner of Satisfaction in exercising those Arts, which could neither conduce to their Fame or Fortune. The

* Letter CCCCLXY.

Spirits would flag, and the implements fall out of their Hands. But they would find some Entertainment, Solace, and Amusement, in playing upon any Kind of Instrument they happened to be proficient in.

I am surprized that you, who are such an *Inamorato*, such an *Intelligente* in Music, did not mark this Passage to me, when you gave me the Books.

We are all in good Health and Spirits here, and send our Affections to you.

Dear Harry, Adieu!

Frances.

LETTER D.

Dear FANNY,

THE Passage you mention, from *Marmontel* did strike me at the Time of reading it; but strange it is, that I, who love Music with Passion, should not think the Observation just, and that you, who are a perfect Philosopher to Sound, should catch the Truth of it. But then I did not stay to consider of it, when I was reading the Novel. The Case you have stated has left me no Doubt about it now.

G 3

I do

I do confess that I love Music, *with Passion*, but not *without Reason*. I would not surrender my whole Soul to it, as some Enthusiasts are apt to do; you see I have neglected it, a good deal, in myself, for many Years past, and have transferred the Trouble of entertaining me to other Hands. I never considered it as the Business of Life, but always as the highest of the *jucunda oblivia vitæ*. Your Son is Scholar enough to construe that for you.

How much farther I might be capable of being transported, were it possible to restore the ancient Power of Music to us, is impossible to say. I believe as far as any one, for no Man alive has stronger Passions. It is to them I owe all my Philosophy. — Temerity induces Caution, and Extravagance preaches Œconomy.

The Reason of Music's superior Excellence, with the extraordinary Powers reported of it in ancient History, both sacred and profane, was owing to the first Masters of it being equally versed in Poetry and Philosophy. The Arts and Sciences, which are considered and practised among the Moderns, as distinct Studies, or separate Departments, marched in Alliance together in those happy Times.

Our Music therefore must necessarily have greatly fallen off, from the original Spirit and Faculty

Faculty of Harmony. Our Composers have no farther Object in Contemplation, than mere Air, and Concord. And being generally totally illiterate, in every other Science, having neither Conception, nor Capacity, to comprehend any Thing farther in their Operas. This is the Reason that such Music can only, as Pope says of undeserved Praise,

“ Play round the Head, but never touch the
“ Heart.”

In short, that which was formerly a most comprehensive Science, is now reduced to almost a simple mechanic Art.

“ Not thus *Amphion* tun'd the warbling Lyre,
“ Nor *Joab* the sounding Clarion could inspire;
“ Nor fierce *Theodanus*, whose sprightly Strain
“ Could swell the Soul to Rage, and fire the
“ martial Train.”

Poetry, it is true, has been often set to Music; but now being adapted by the Poet, the Spirit of the Muse was still wanting to the Concert. All that the Musician alone can do, is to suit the Sound to the Words; perhaps, in some Degree, to the Sense too; but the Warmth, the Imagination,

nation, the *Impression*, of the Poet, remains still *unharmonized*.

But blend the Poet and Musician both in one, the Concert rises indeed, yet the Perfection of Music must still be deficient of it's original Effect, without the Aid of Philosophy. The Knowledge of human Nature, of the various Passions and Affections of the intellectual Soul, is necessary to complete it's Powers over the rational Mind.

Philosophy, Poetry, and Music — What a *Trio!* An *Hallelujah* upon Earth!

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER

LETTER DI.

MY dear Fanny knows my Manner; my Mind has ever taken a natural Turn to Reflection, and since I have been acquainted with you, I have given myself the Way of digesting my Thoughts, by methodizing them on Paper. I send you one of my Lucubrations of this Morning, which I shall style,

The Jubilees of Mortality.

Herodotus mentions a Nation, whose Manner was, to put on Mourning on the Birth of a Child, on Account of the ensuing Miseries of this Life; and to feast and rejoice upon a Death, as being a Rest from Toil and Labour.

I do not think with so much philosophic Severity, upon this Subject; but on considering this Passage in *Herodotus*, the following Reflections have occurred to my Mind.

I distinguish the *natural Life* of Man, as Mathematicians do the *natural Dy*, into two equal Parts, *Life and Death*. I fix the Medium of Mortality at an hundred Years; Fifty of which I allot to *Life*, and fifty to *Death*.

Men do not, indeed, generally hold out so long, but I speak of what Nature will admit of. For it is Accident, not Age, that sends us to the Grave before that Period. And perhaps it may, with as much Reason, be said, when Men exceed that *Æra*, that they live an *accidental Life*, as that they die an *accidental Death* before it.

Thus 'till Fifty, I say that a Person is in such, or such a *Year of his Life*; but at Sixty, or Seventy, that he is in the tenth, or twentieth *Year of his Death*.

Life is a Journey; but not throughout — We travel on to a certain Point, and neither rest there nor proceed; but return back, from *Midage*, to *Childage*, again. Our Time should therefore be equally divided, as is the Journey.

This State of Things then would afford us three Jubilees. The first, at our Birth, *rejoicing to run our Course*; the second, on turning the Goal; and the last, happiest, and most glorious, when the Race is finished, and we are going to receive the Victor's Wreath.

Palmaque nobilis — cunctis ad Deos.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER

LETTER DII.

I RECEIVED my dear Harry's Letter, and could not help smiling at his *Death Jubilee*; though there is really something very rational in it. There is a certain Period, when we should wish to die: or, where the natural Hankering after Life may be yet too strong in us, when our Friends should wish it for us; and that is long before the *Century* you have marked out for mortal Date.

Our Reflections should be more turned toward this Subject than they too generally are. It may not only govern our Lives, but render the Idea of Death so philosophically familiar to us; as to prevent any Disturbance, or Dread, in our last Moments.

How short and inconsiderable a Thing is Life! We hardly grasp it, till we let it go.

"As when fair *Iris* has a-while display'd
 "Her wat'ry Arch with various Painture gay,
 "While yet we gaze the gaudy Colours fade,
 "And from our short-liv'd Wonder steal away."

Providence has wisely planted a certain *Passion* for Life in our original Composition; otherwise

there is nothing in Reason, or Philosophy, that should make us fond of it.

I met with a Collection of Poems, some Years ago, the Author's Name I forget, in which there was some good Poetry, with a great Turn of philosophic Reflection. I remember one Passage among them, which struck me so strongly, as to tempt me to get it by Heart; and as it is applicable to this Subject, I shall endeavour to recollect it upon this Occasion.

- " Like ~~as~~ the Falling of a Star,
- " Or as the Flights of Eagles are;
- " Or like the fresh Spring's gaudy Hue,
- " Or silver Drops of Morning Dew;
- " Or like a Wind that chafes the Flood;
- " Or Bubbles which on Water stood;
- " Ev'n such is Man, whose borrow'd Light
- " Is straight call'd in, and paid To-night.
- " The Wind blows out; the Bubble dies,
- " The Spring entomb'd in Autumn lies;
- " The Dew dries up; the Star is shot;
- " The Flight is past; and Man forgot."

Adieu!

Frances.

LETTER

LETTER DIII.

Dear FANNY,

I AM pleased with the Quotation you sent me, and wish you would endeavour to recollect the Author's Name, that I might purchase all his Works. Now, to the Eye of Philosophy alone, without taking an Hereafter into the Account, what signifies it, after Time has gone by, whether we were the Meteor, the Eagle, the Flower, the Dew, the Wind, the Bubble, or the Man?

We have insensibly engaged ourselves upon an edifying, but not a very pleasing Subject, at present; however, I shall continue it for the Remainder of this Letter, just to give you a Transcript of a Writing, I met with, a long Time since, among some Papers of a deceased Friend, and which must have been only a Copy, as the Person was not much either of a Poet, or a Philosopher — *though an excellent Musician*. But where to trace the Original, I know not.

Adieu!

Henry.

What

What Man is he that liveth, and shall not see
Death?

The human Body contains in it's very Texture
the Seeds of certain Dissolution, that is, though
you set aside all the possible Accidents arising
from Intemperance, from the Influence of the
Elements, the Climate, and every other external
and contingent Cause, the human Frame itself,
after a certain Period, would grow into Rigidity;
the Fluids would decrease, the Solids
accumulate, the Arteries ossify, the Blood stagnate,
and the Wheels of Life stand still.

The stiffen'd Limbs grow cold, the Blood congeals,
The quivering Lips eternal Silence seals,
The Pulse subsides, the Lungs expand no more;
And clammy Sweats ooze out at every Pore.
So fruitful Streams which blest the Country round,
Stagnate at once, in icy Fetters bound,
'Till by the Influence of returning Day
Dissolv'd again, the murmuring Currents play:
But here no Day succeeds, no Morning Light,
But all is clos'd in everlasting Night.

*When a few Years are come, then must he go the
Way whence he shall not return: For I know that
thou*

thou wilt bring him to Death, and to the House appointed for all living. JOB.

Fiat voluntas tua !

Amen !

Dublin.

Dear HARRY,

AL L our Friends are assembled here to attend our Lord Lieutenant, who landed Yesterday. I confess I feel a Sort of Impatience to have a View of one of the *Percy* Family, that has rendered it's Name so famous in History. Somewhat like the Sensation that Sir *Philip Sidney* said he was always affected with, on reading the Ballad of *Chevy-Chace*; as if he had heard the Sound of a Trumpet.

This Kind of Disposition in my Mind prompted the following Stanzas, which I wrote extempore last Night,

On the **LANDING** of the Earl and Countess of
NORTHUMBERLAND.

Let blest *Hibernia* now rejoice,
Applauding her lov'd Monarch's Choice,
Loud Pæans let her sing ;
To welcome *Percy* to this Isle,
Let every Grace and Virtue smile,
Each Hill and Valley ring.

Descended

Descended from that generous Blood,
 Which held the Power of doing Good,
 Their strongest, brightest Shield;
 Which oft oppos'd Oppression's Sway,
 And turn'd the Fortune of the Day,
 In many a well-fought Field.

Fir'd with the Theme, my ardent Muse
 Their glorious Actions now pursues
 Thro' the historic Page :
 But for the Task too weak my Lay,
 My Life too short due Praise to pay,
 The Work would ask an Age.

I hope this Letter will not reach your Hands
 in the Country, for we expect you in Town
 every Day.

Adieu !

Frances.

LETTER

LETTER DV.

Dear FANNY,

I PASS but a melancholic Time of it here. Poor Mr. — has not been able, with all his good Sense, Virtue, and Religion, to get the better of his Misfortune. His Loss was great, I must confess, but so would the World's be, should we lose him; and I much fear his excessive Grief may injure his Health, which is not very valid at present.

I have got the Assistance of his Books to finish my History and Genealogy of the Families of Lord and Lady *Northumberland*, in which I have included the *Somerset*, and *Weymouth* Houses, as Lady *Northumberland* is derived from them, as well as from the *Percys*. This, you know, was more than intended, when I left Dublin.

This Morning I wrote a Preface to the Work, which I shall inclose to you in this Letter. I design to leave this Place on Thursday next, and hope to dine with you the next Day.

Adieu!

Henry.

PREFACE

PREFACE *to an Extract of the History and Genealogy of the noble Families of the Earl and Countess of NORTHUMBERLAND.*

UPON looking over the British Magazines, I perceived, that in every Number there is a Genealogy given of some noble Family or other. I was surprised and disappointed at not meeting with the Percy Name among the illustrious. What ! though the Titles were extinct in Heraldry, lies not the Name to Immortality, in History ?

This Reflection has prompted me to collect, from the Annals of England, the Characters and Achievements of this heroic House ; which have sufficiently supplied me with Materials to raise the Admiration and Applause of the Reader, without encumbering him with the tedious and unprofitable Narrative of a dull Line of *Pedigree*.

Heraldry, superficially considered, or confined merely to *Genealogy*, is certainly one of the vainest of Sciences. The Plebeian, as well as the Patrician, has an equal Line of Ancestry, though not upon Record ; and whether a Person be derived from an *ancient House*, or an *old Cottage*, cannot possibly occasion any other Difference, between the present Generation than what may simply relate to Richer, or Poorer, *Stemmata quid*

quid faciunt? But if we consider this Matter in a truly philosophical Light, it must then appear to be a Thing of real Worth and Consequence; to have it's Uses, and it's Merits.

Arise from what it may, there is confessedly a remarkable Difference observable in the Human Species; and in Men, as well as among Horses, are to be found more servile Garrans, than generous Coursers. When therefore certain Persons happen to spring forward from the Goal of common Life, and, distancing the Multitude, shall have distinguished themselves in the Race of Virtue, they mark themselves to be of the *select Few*, their Progeny thence become *Heirs of Blood*, and add a Strength and Dignity to that State, whereof they shall happen to become Members, either by Birth, or by Adoption.

These are the just Objects of a Sovereign's Distinction, and these alone, have a Right to receive the *Palma Nobilis*; for *Honours* are not *Presents*, but *Præmiums*. They should never be the Objects of *Envy*, but of *Emulation*.

Lewis the XIVth invited all Foreigners eminent in Learning, to transplant themselves into his Dominions. This indeed enriched and adorned his Kingdom, but added no Virtue, no Vigour to his Empire. This indeed made
him

him a *grand*, but 'not a *great* Monarch. Those Subjects were no Match for Marlborough; for, as Quixotte says, the *Pen* blunts not the *Lance*; but an illiterate *Turk*, or *German*, traced back to a *Scanderbeg*, or a *Nadasti*, might have arrested that [Heroe in his *Course*, or rather *Race*, of Victory.]

There is then a Kind of moral Security, as it were, handed down to the Public, from an illustrious Ancestry, which induces a Confidence and Reliance, on the Virtue of certain Families; of those select ones, I mean, which had been enobled by *Merit*, not by *Favour*. The *Chinese* raise a Fund of Credit upon the Ashes of their Fathers alone: But Nobles make a Deposit of their whole Ancestry: In this only rational Light of Heraldry, let England compare the *Brunswic* to the *Stuart* Line.

This *Recognizance*, indeed, may sometimes be forfeited, by some unlucky *Cross* in the *Strain*; but wherever Instances of Cowardice, Baseness, or Dishonour shall happen to intervene, should any *snifter base Points* obtain, in what may then be deemed only the *Escutcheon of Pretence*, Heraldry ought surely to interpose the *Bar of Bastardy*, in their *Coat*, by Way of attaining such forfeited Titles, and cutting off the Line of hereditary Honours,

Honours, from a branded and degenerate Race.
For such as the Tree, such will be the Fruit thereof.

Heraldry then, under this View, is certainly a truly respectable Science; and if Genealogies were written more in the Style of History, with which all that are worth recording, are of Course connected, they would not only be an entertaining, but an improving Study likewise; to all young Men of Sense, Spirit, or Fortune, just entering upon the Stage of active Life.

I have attempted something of this Kind, in the following Tracts, and for my Failure in the Execution, let it be considered, that this is my first Essay, in a Manner of Writing hitherto un-essayed before. I had no Precedent to guide me, but the Subjects themselves which I had selected, were of so inspiring a Nature, that they dictated such Reflections as I have taken the Liberty to introduce into the following Sheets.

LETTER

LETTER DVI.

Dear FANNY,

I DESIGNED to have left this To-morrow, but some Company, expected here this Day, have disappointed, and I don't care to leave them alone, at this Time; some Friends are to arrive from Dublin, in the next Stage, and I shall set out the Morning after.

We have the English Papers here, which are loaded with Abuse against the Peace; but that determines nothing with me. I have known a Ministry wrote up, and wrote down, so frequently, by hireling Libellers, or Panegyrists, who have obtained the Art of glossing over the foulest Measures, and blotting out the fairest ones, that I have learned at last to acquiesce intirely in that Ministry, and those Measures, which his Majesty himself approves; because, being better informed, and more interested in the Regulation of Government, than any of his Subjects, he must certainly be better capacitated to judge for them, by being better able to judge for himself. In this I think I judge right too, myself, for this very good Reason, *that I am no Politician.*

I would

I would write more, but that the Day is fine,
and the Scene so beautiful from my Window,
that I am tempted to walk.

Adieu, my Life,

Henry.

L E T T E R. DVII.

Dear FANNY,

THE Reflections I made last Post, upon
the English News-Papers, dwelt in my
Mind during my Morning's Walk, and in the
Evening I sat down to digest them, in the fol-
lowing Essay :

On the late Change in the Ministry.

EVER since the Change in the Ministry, upon
Mr. Pitt's Resignation, and Lord Bute's
taking up the Reins of Government, I have
attentively considered the Merits of the political
Controversy which then commenced, and has
ever since continued.

I have never, in the least, weighed this Sub-
ject, with Regard to his Lordship's Integrity, or
Abilities, nor misemployed one Moment of my
Time in canvassing the respective Merits of
the

the several Ministers, in or out. My Reflections have been intirely occupied upon a much more interesting Object, namely, his Majesty's Scheme of Policy, in the Measures he has so resolutely pursued, ever since that Period.

The admirable Constitution of England is framed upon the Correspondence and Co-operation of *three Estates*, so equally poized, that no one of them can possibly have the Power, or even any Manner of true political Interest, in destroying the Balance of either of the others.

However, as the most infallible of Human Laws must be administered by fallible Agents, our Legislature has, for a considerable Time past, been corrupted by a *fourth Estate*, which has imposed itself upon the other Three, namely, *the Ministry*; which, like that of the Gospel, has too much infringed upon the Orthodoxy of our Constitution, and greatly endangered the State.

For as the Popes of Rome, by assuming to themselves the Powers of *Binding, and Releasing*, have long since superseded their God, so the Ministry of England, by passing all Royal Favours through their own Conduit, have for some Reigns past, reduced our Monarchs to the Consideration of a mere *Doge of Venice*, a simple Pageant

Pageant of State, with regal Rank indeed, but restrained from all kingly Powers.

Might it not then have proceeded from a just and political Resentment against this *upstart Tyranny*, that his Majesty had resolved, like *Lewis the XIIth*, who, as a French Historian expresses it, *fut le premier qui mit les Rois Hors de Page*, to emancipate his Prerogative, to vindicate his *de facto*, as well as his *de jure* Rights, to preserve the Independency of his *Yea* and *Nay*, to rule alone, and not to suffer a Minister, like another *Trinculo*, to erect himself into a *Vice Roy* over him.

Upon the Resignation of Mr. Pitt, an Opportunity, which it had been imprudent to have created, fairly presented itself, for breaking through the Bands of a despotic *Junto*, by chusing his Ministers from their *Merits*, not their *Pretences*; from their Integrity in Council, not their Corruption in Parliament. The late King had happily broke the Scotch Clans, upon a late Occasion; and his present Majesty, upon this one, has aimed a justifiable, and truly political Stroke, at the English ones.

But the selecting a Scottish Minister, for an English Nation, has, it seems, given a popular Offence. But then might not this have been Part of that fair and equal Plan of Government,

which his Majesty's Wisdom and Justice had framed to himself upon this Crisis? This was a Measure agreeable to the Turn given to a Line in Virgil,

Tros, Tyruisve mihi nullo discrimine agetur,
by that most excellent Prince, *Henry of Wales*, who, upon some such jealous Occasion as this, expressed himself thus, *Anglus, Scotusve mihi, &c.* This was the Principle of a *Scottish* Prince. This the Policy of a *Stuart*. And shall an English King, of the brave *Brunswick* Line too, betray a less liberal Soul!

But the self-interested *Great*, with the narrow-minded *Small*, cry out, This is to be partial — This is to be absolute! No — This is not *Partiality* to Scotland, but *Impartiality* to Great Britain. — This is not to be *absolute*, but to be *free*.

But not the Minister only, but his Acts also, have been exclaimed against. There are none of them worth our considering, in this Place, except the *Peace*. And if this does not please us, it may perhaps be one strong Reason for it, that no Conditions of Accommodation, which it had been possible for us to have obtained, or even prudent to have insisted upon, would have satisfied a brave, a victorious, and an untractable People.

But

But the *Ballance of Power* is, at present, so well understood, and so closely attended to, by the several States of Europe, that there are certain Boundaries already fixed, beyond which no modern Conqueror may exceed. *Hitherto may'st thou go and no farther.* Our late Successes, indeed, were so very rapid, and atchieved in so many different Parts of the World, at almost one and the same Time, that we had outstript the *Am byssionic* Genius of Europe, even before it could have been well aware of it's Danger. But this *Spring-Tide* of Conquest must have soon deceded, and could we have retained these Acquisitions from the vanquished Foe; nay, had we even attempted it, our own Allies, confederating with all the neutral Powers of Europe, would have taken up Arms against us.

For our Wars may be resembled to the Game of *Picquet*. An Hundred is up—one Party has gained *Ninety-nine*, and the next Deal may give him a *Repique*, and *Capot*; which possibly, may reckon *an Hundred and Sixty-four*. But the Laws of Play will allow him but one, for the Whole, in the present Circumstances of the Game, to the great Scandal of ignorant Bystanders; who might know no more of the Matter, than just to be able to number the Points.

And, in Reality, all modern Warfare may be compared to *Family Play*. Loss and Gain, the Run for, and against goes on, from Time to Time ; but on the Summing up of the Reckoning, at a certain Period, the Account generally ballances pretty even among the parties themselves, *but with an heavy Discount to the Cards, or to the Armies.*

That Passion for War, and Rage of Conquest, which still subsists among some of the Kings of the Earth, is a Remain of the ancient Heroism of barbarous Times ; and it were devoutly to be wished, that some political *Cervantes* would rise up to cure this cruel Phrenzy, by shewing, not only the crying Sin of it, but the mutual Loss sustained by it.

LETTER

L E T T E R D V I I I .

Dear HARRY,

I HAVE this Day completed the Furniture of our House, and it looks extremely neat and comfortable. I walked through every Room this Morning with great Pleasure and Satisfaction, my dear Children following at my Heels, and admiring every Thing.

This is the third House we have been in Possession of, but the first we could promise ourselves any perfect Enjoyment in, as your Circumstances were never upon any reasonable Certainty before, and that this is the first Time we ever had our Children together, under our own Roof.

Your Absence, at this Time, renders me more uneasy than ever it did before. I can bear Difficulties and Distresses alone, better than I can endure Happiness, if that were possible, without your Partnership. But there is no perfect Satisfaction in this Life; and when I compare the irksome Necessity of the too frequent Separations which your Avocations occasion, with the Unhappiness of some Couples, and the Insensibility of most of the rest of our Friends,

H 3

and

and Acquaintances, how infinitely ought I to prefer the pleasing Pain of lamenting your Absence, not only to the being rendered uneasy by your Presence, but even to our being indifferent toward each other together !

I have engaged a little Party to spend this Evening with me in my new Dwelling. What welcome Surprize would it be to us all, if you should be now on your Return, and happen to step in among us ? — 'Tis not impossible, from the Nature of the Business you went about ; and what we ardently wish, we always think to be possible at least.

I shall conclude this Letter, in the pleasing Hope that you may not receive it, as I am, dear Harry, your truly affectionate Wife,

Frances.

LETTER

LETTER DIX.

Dear HARRY,

I RECEIVED your Letter, and am sorry for the farther Delay which this new Business you are engaged in must occasion. I should be a good deal easier about it, if I imagined that all the Trouble you are taking for that Person would answer any Manner of End at all, either to yourself or him. But I know that every Battlement you raise for him, he will throw down again by his own Folly and Perverseness, as he has ever done before; and, if he should be grateful at last for all your Services, he must then be possessed of one Virtue; which is, by so much, more than ever I could detect him in, upon a long and intimate Acquaintance.

A Person may be unfortunate, and even unhappy, with all the Worth imaginable; but his Misfortunes could never be of the Kind that he labours under. Had he any one Merit in the World, he could not, at this Time of Day, be destitute of every Friend in Life, except what your romantic Humanity has afforded him.

Dublin is very full at present, and our Court extremely gay. Lord and Lady Northumberland are vastly liked by all Ranks of People. They are affable, magnificent, and liberal every Thing *en Prince*. — These are popular Qualities, and deserve to be so.

I wish you would hasten from the dull Place you are in, and take some Share of our City Gaiety. You owe it to yourself, and you owe it to your affectionate Wife,

Frances.

LETTER DX.

HENRY to FRANCES.

I HAVE done my Business here, that is, I mean, *I have done with it*. For though I undertook it, at his own earnest Request, and had brought the Strife to a Compromise of his own Pointing out, some new Punctilio, some other Folly in the Shape of Pride, has broken off the Treaty, perhaps for Life. But he must certainly have set his Character upon it, and has an Ambition to appear the most miserable Man alive.

alive. Hell has it's Martyrs, witness *Vanini*,
C——, and all *Suicides*.

I dined Yesterday at ———, when I carried the Proposal. — There happened to be three Lords in Company, and the Difference of their Manners afforded me some Matter of Reflection. One was a Peer, by *lineal Descent*; another, by *Accident*, the Death of a distant Relation and the Third by *Creation*.

The First was condescending without Meanness, and seemed to have *Spirit* without *Pride*. The Second constantly kept up our Attention to his Dignity, but at the same Time affected to think it a Matter of no Consequence. — He said one incomparable Thing, “that the being a Lord was so *natural* to him, he did not find any Difference between himself and another Gentleman.” The last appeared to be puffed up with his fresh Honours, like the Stomach with new Bread, and with the Pride of that Wealth, which was his only Merit to them.

But it is natural for *upstart Noblemen* to be prouder than those to whom Honours are derived. They feel the whole Vigour of their Pedigree, in themselves, and the Root of a Tree is always stronger than the Branches, the Source than the Stream.

" Birth is a Shadow: — Virtue self-sustain'd,

" Out-lord's Succession's Phlegm, and needs
no Ancestors."

I shall dine with you To-morrow, if you'll wait for me till Five o'Clock.—I should have been on my Road now, if it was not Sunday.

Adieu! my Life.

Henry.

LETTER DXI.

FRANCES *to* HENRY.

YOUR Books are come Home, and very neatly bound. I have placed them in your *Library*, which really begins to have the Air of one already. I had the Curiosity to reckon the Number, and it amounts to Six Hundred and Seventeen. But what a Reduction would there happen in the *Corps*, if your Scheme in the *Triumverate* should ever take Effect*?

Our Session is closed. I saw the State pass by Yesterday, after the Royal Assent was given, and I own I felt unhappy about it. There

* Last Chapter of the first Volume,

never was a Government more grateful to the People of Ireland than this, and the Concern was visible in all the Faces round me, for their too soon Departure

Poetry is natural to strong Affection. I always find it so in myself; for without the least Thought of it the Moment before I sat down, as soon as the Procession had gone by, and extemporized the following Stanza's; which you'll find also in Falkner's Journal of this Day, as Mr. S — was by, and begged them from me.

When from the rigid northern Zone

The Shepherd views the parting Sun

Send forth it's latest Rays:

Desponding Thoughts now fill his Breast,

His sadden'd Eye regards the West,

He mourns the Loss of Day.

An Half Year's Absence he deplores

Of that blest Luminary's Pow'rs,

Which bids all Nature smile;

But our bright Sun withdraws apace;

For more, alas! than thrice that Space,

From this grief-darken'd Me.

O! may his wish'd Return, once more,

To us that Age of Gold restore,

Which Poets only feign:

Like Pliny, may he rise to Fame,

And by deputed Acts proclaim,

A second Trajan's Reign.

E. G.

LETTER DXII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

I AM now at Cousin H——'s; I left —— Yesterday, and passed my Time very chearfully and agreeably there.—I always speak this with a certain Reserve, whenever you are not one of the Company. One cannot have complete Enjoyment without the full Possession of all their Senses; nor then, without the select Objects of them. How many Apprehensions sleep in Apathy, when you are from me? Your Absence renders me a very Stoic.—Your Presence a perfect Epicurean.

I did not venture to publish such Sentiments in the Company I have been in, since I left you.

The

The *great World* seem to have entered into an Association of late, to laugh Virtue and Morals out of Countenance. Particularly, the Pleasures of a married Life are treated like the Notion of a sixth Sense; more visionary than real.

Among our gayer Neighbours on the Continent, such Maxims may be accounted for; but *we I-fulars* I think, have begun at the wrong End of Manners, as we certainly are not yet sufficiently *refined* into Vice, nor *polished* into Error.

The *Afficiation* * has not yet obtained in this County, so that an heavy and unprofitable Tax still subsists upon the Hospitality of this Neighbourhood. This ancient Custom partakes of the Nature of the *Saturnalia*, where Feasts were made for the Benefit of Slaves. In short, while this Perquisite continues, a country Gentleman may be considered but as a generous Kind of Innholder, who keeps open House, at his own Expence, for the sole Emolument of his Servants.

But this Extravagance is not confined, at present, solely to the Country, where it originally took it's Rise; for a Dinner in Dublin, and all

* An Agreement entered into among the Gentlemen of several Counties in Ireland, not to give Vails to Servants.

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the Towns in Ireland, is become, of late, an expensive Ordinary. Nay, if you have any Sort of Business to transact, even in a Morning, with a Person who *keeps his Port*, you may levee him fifty Times, without being admitted by his Swiss Porter. So that, as I have got into the Track of scholastic Precision, I shall consider a great Man as a *Monster*, who may not be seen, 'till you have *feed his Keepers*.

I have sent you up a Parcel of *Gibier* by the Stage, with a Basket of Fruit. My Blessing to my Children, and

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER

LETTER DXIII.

*Dublin.**My dear HARRY,*

MR S. L—— and I went out of Town Yesterday, to *Bray*, according to your Desire, to look for some convenient Lodgings near the Sea, to spend the Remainder of the Summer in, for the Advantage of bathing, if it should agree with me, which it has never done yet. But I shall attempt another Trial of it, this Season, at your Request.

However, the Experiment cannot be made on that Coast, for I found every Place that was habitable, already engaged to Invalids, or retired Citizens. Therefore we must explore some other Shore; and, as you are to be so soon in Town, I chuse to defer my Jaunt 'till we can both go together.

Or, perhaps, — I am afraid to speak out. — But, in short, I am by no Means satisfied with your Scheme, or rather no Scheme, of Life at present. I love *Ireland* extremely, both, the Country, and the People of it; and were our Circumstances but independent enough to make even the most reasonable Provision for our Children,

dren, I would chearfully acquiesce, and spend the Remainder of my Life here with Pleasure.

Ireland is as good a Country as any in Europe, for Persons, even of moderate Fortunes, to enjoy both the Satisfactions and Elegancies of Life in; but certainly, you must agree with me, that it is by no Means the Place for those, who have either Spirit, Parts, or Adventure, in them, and have their Fortunes yet to make.

You have many Relations and Friends on the other Side of the Water, and have been well recommended to some of the great ones there. But Solicitations at a Distance always create Delay, and frequently Disappointment: Personal Applications are undoubtedly the most effectual, and the being often in Sight is the best Memorandum.

Besides, you have some Writings, both of yours and mine, which you design for the Press, and if you are not upon the Spot, you can never dispose of them to any Manner of Advantage. Your Attention will be necessary also, toward the forwarding and Correcting them, as the Sheets come out, if you would have them appear with that critical Exactness, that I have known you too scrupulous about in former Instances; otherwise you will be obliged to spend too much of your Time in *Comma-hunting*, as I have known

known you do before, after the Works are published.

If your Writings, for I have not the least Vanity about my own, should happen to meet with that Approbation, which I think their moral and other Merits intitle them to, it may be some Advantage to be personally known, where you can be best taken Notice of. — There may be some Patrons of Literature there. — This is as much the *Island of Saints*, as it is of *Learning*, at present.

You have received many and signal Favours from Providence, in your Life, which has hitherto sustained and supported you through numberless Difficulties and Distresses. There is no Corner of the Universe, where it's Eye cannot reach, or it's Hand extend. But there we shall be within the ordinary Course of it's Benefits; and why put it to the Expence of a Miracle in our Favour, by remaining here!

I have done, and ask Pardon.

Adieu!

Frances.

LETTER

LETTER DXIV.

Dear FANNY,

I RECEIVED your Letter, and think you too modest in it. The Reasons you give for going to England, at present, are really very good; at least so far, that the Plausibility of them would ever remain a Weight and Reproach upon our Minds, if we should not make the Experiment. After we have made it, should it fail, we can then acquit ourselves, rest satisfied, and stay at Home, 'till Providence knock at our Doors, as it has done before.

For the above conclusive Reason I am determined to set out with you the very Day I get to Town, if I find you ready. Which being premised, let me just amuse myself with telling you some of the Objections I have hitherto had to this Scheme, when it has been several Times proposed to me before, by some of my Friends, who have made Use of pretty much the same Arguments which you have done, though not so well stated, nor so strongly put.

In the first Place, there has been always something peculiar in my Fate. I have framed many Schemes in my Life, which have had all the Appearances of Feasibility, and Prospects of Success,

Success, imaginable. I was disappointed in every one of them. You say, very justly, that I have received many and signal *Favours* from Providence in my Life. — I have, indeed, but they were *gratuitously* so. Unsolicited, unexpected, I wish could not add, unmeritted, also. *The Race is not always to the Swift, nor the Battle to the Strong.* This Character of my Life has been so remarkable, that I shall sit down, some Day or other, soon, and write my own Memoirs, for the Amusement of my Friends; the most interesting Part of which is already told in the *Triumverate*, under the Character of *Beville*, ending with the Apology, in Chapter LXVII.

In the next Place, what Hopes of Fame and Profit, in this Age, from literary Productions? An Author, in any Kind of Merit, in Wit or Morals, now-a-days, must certainly be a Person of real Virtue; for he must write, as the other acts, merely for Self-approbation, or the Applause of the Few.

They must be actually *out of their Wits*, to think of *living by them* at present. They would be Fools to attempt it, and yet were they little better, they might possibly succeed. The Way to gain many Readers, or many Friends, is to be silly, or profligate. Witness the several wretched Novels, which are published every Day; particularly

ticularly that one, which has obtained the greatest Vogue of late, *Sogni d'Infermi, e Fole di Romanzi*; with that Load of factious Pamphlets, and News-paper Essays, with which the Press so heavily groans every Day. For the Public, like an injured Maid, is generally fondest of him who debauches her.

But enough of this Subject. I have promised to undertake this yet untried Adventure with you, and let us never hesitate one Moment farther about it, resting satisfied upon this Maxim of Tacitus, *Fortunam inter dubia, Virtutem inter certa, numerare*. Your Son deserves to be whipt if he can't translate this Passage for you, without a Dictionary; nay, you can't miss it yourself, when I tell you that *inter* is *entre*, in French; so referring you to him, or yourself, for so much Scholarship, I shall conclude myself, with Love, and Blessing to you all, my dear Fanny's ever affectionate Husband,

Henry.

P. S. I shall be in Dublin on Wednesday, at Noon.

LETTER

Henry and Frances.

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LETTER DXV.

To Frances at Bath.

Worcester.

My dear FANNY,

WE breakfasted, this Morning, at *Upton on the Hill*. They had but seven Years Trial *, I have doubled that Experience, and consequently my Pleasure.

We are to dine here, and to lye, To-night, at *Birmingham* — In the *Bed of Ware*, as well as any other, when not with you. To-morrow we mean to reach *Parkgate*, and hope to find the Yacht ready to weigh Anchor, and hoist Sail. Amen, so be it.

Many Inconveniencies, Mishaps, and Disappointments, on our Journey, but perfect Ease, Chearfulness, and Good-humour among our Party. This should be an Emblem of Matrimony. The first is common to both States, would that the latter were so too.

Nothing new has occurred, on my Part, only some Qualms of the Cholic, upon travelling after

* Alluding to the Song,

At Upton on the Hill,

There liv'd a happy Pair, &c.

Dinner.

Dinner. When shall I be well? We cannot rejoice in every Happiness, at the same Time. I ought to rest satisfied with the Disease in my Liver, after the Health you have given me to my Life.

Adieu! my Hygea.

Henry.

LETTER DXVI.

Dear HARRY,

I HAVE not received a Letter from my dear Harry since Monday, yet I am sure it is not his Fault, nor I hope Misfortune, though I count it among mine. However, I live in Hopes of every Hour's affording me that 'Pleasure, and care not, for that Purpose, how swiftly they fly. I have been in the Bath this Morning, and by the Negligence of the Boobies who carried the Hutch, was kept in almost Half an Hour too long, so that I was fainting when I came out; but I have now recovered Spirits sufficient to sit down to write; and Writing to you will give me more.

Yesterday I received a very pretty elegiac Epistle from Mrs. B ———, she speaks of herself in
a very

a very declining Way, which I am truly sorry for; I sincerely hope she thinks herself worse than she is, for I know few Women in this World, for whose quitting it I should be so much concerned. She has given me a very kind and polite Invitation to her House, which whenever you please to approve of, I shall accept,

Our agreeable Messmate Mr. H—— has charmed me with his Criticisms on the *Triumvirate*; there is scarce a beautiful Sentiment, or Passage, in the whole Work, that he has not mentioned with due Honour; but at the same Time, he says, he never read a Book which he is so sorry that he cannot put into the Hands of his Daughter, who, from his Account, is a most charming accomplished Girl of Eighteen. He wishes there may be another Edition of this Work, corrected and amended, &c. for the Honour of the Author, who he says might have been deemed

. He is particularly displeased at Mrs. Seawell's Fall, and several other Passages which are by no Means necessary to the Story. I hope you will not be offended at my saying, that I look upon him as the best Critic that I have ever heard speak upon the Subject.

Mr. M—— and I have had some Discourse upon the same Topic. I do not think he is half so candid

candid as H——, he charges you, I think unjustly, with seeming to favour the barbarous Custom of Duelling, and fancies you infected with the Vice of our Nation. I disputed this Point with him, and, whether from Conviction or Complaisance, he seemed to give it up. He complimented me much on the *Platonic Wife*, and prefers it to *Amana*.

I have this Instant received your's from Parkgate, and the inclosed. I hope next Mail will bring me an Account of your safe Landing, and of our few Friends being well. We are no longer on the same Continent, but

“ Though Seas divide us, and though Mountains part,” &c.

Adieu! my dearest Harry.

I am, with true Affection,

Your faithful Wife,

Frances.

Bath, May 17th, 1765, all Friends here are well and send many Compliments. My Blessing to my Children, and Love to all, *who deserve it.*

LETTER

LETTER DXVII.

Dublin.

Dear FANNY,

WE set Sail from Parkgate, Yesterday Morning, at Six o'Clock, ran fairly before a brisk easterly Wind, without a *Knot's* Deviation, or a Moment's Sickness, and landed this Morning at Six.

There is something more pleasing, and elevating, in a Motion of this Kind, than in any other whatsoever. On Horseback, or in a Carriage, one is immediately sensible of the Cause of their Motion, it is a complex Idea of Mechanism and Labour, it does not become pleasant, 'till it becomes brisk, and then the Mind begins soon to resent the Animal's Fatigue, and, not long after, to feel it's own. But in a Conveyance of this Sort, one seems in a Manner transported afar, by some supernatural Means, as if the Elements of Air and Water had been magically inspired with an Intelligence together for our Accommodation.

Our little World here are all up in Arms, at my having left you behind me. Were I to send you all the Loves and Wishes I have already received for you, it would cost you double Postage,

and were I to send my own, it would require another Pacquet.

My Cholic has left me. Had there been the least Matter of Disgust in my Stomach, the Voyage would have roused it.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER DXVIII.

Dublin.

Dear FANNY,

I RECEIVED the Pleasure of a Letter from you Yesterday. You can't imagine what an Effect this too distant Correspondence has upon me. We were never *disjointed* before. — No broken Continent between us, till now, since we have really been *one*. I long sincerely — indeed I do — to be on your Side of the Water, and on my own Side of your Bed.

I am very sorry for Mrs. B——'s Account of herself. If you like to accept of her Invitation, I shall be rejoiced to meet you there. She is certainly a more congenial Spirit for your Con-
verse

verse than any you know, at present, or can possibly associate with, in the World, at large. — She has Sense, Taste, and Resentment. She has a Love of Literature, without an Affectation of it. She is so far, yourself, but with this Super-eminence, on your Part, that your Manners are more lively, and your Affections warmer.

I always thought Mr. H—— a rational, well-informed Man. Mr. M—— is confessedly so too; but there is this Observation to be made, upon the Difference of their Criticisms on the Trio: One is an Author, and the other not. — You are the single Writer who ever judged candidly, or spoke warmly, of cotemporary Writings. This was Mrs. C——'s Remark, thrown out, this Day, upon reading your Letter. And, to raise your Character, I must observe, that this Generosity is owing to a still more uncommon Excellence in you, that you have never set your Fame upon literary Merits, — which prevents all Jealousy. — Your Title in this Particular, is undoubtedly superior to any of your Sex, but indeed, my *Fanny*, your Claim to the higher Excellencies of a female Character is still better established.

Privilege is out—So direct for me under Cover to Mr. Flood, at Farmly, near Callen. — I

shall not receive your Letters from Bath, 'till he and I meet. So you can expect no Answers to them. But I shall write constantly to you, and direct henceforward to Half-moon-Street. If you are not there, Mrs. — will forward my Letters to you,

J—, and P—, and H—, are bellowing out their Affections to you.

I am, my dearest *Fanny*, your fond and affectionate Husband,

Henry.

LETTER DXIX.

Bath.

A THOUSAND Thanks to my Harry, for the Pleasure of his every-stage Letters, since we parted. More particularly for that from Dublin, when all Perils of Sea and Land were over. They afforded me certain Conviction of the Points most material to my Happiness in this Life, your Safety, Health, and Kindness. Indeed, I never had the least Cause to suspect the latter; but every Thing that strengthens our Faith, even where we do not doubt, in those Articles on which

which our Felicity is grounded, must be welcome to us.

I am now glad that you did not return to me, the Morning you left Bath, though I confess I was mortified at seeing you pass by. But one Parting was quite enough for such a poor weak Animal as I.

I have a little to tell you of myself, but that Friends here, from a mistaken Kindness, have given themselves a deal of unnecessary Trouble about me, and will not suffer me to be one Moment alone, nor allow me the fond Indulgence of regretting a Loss, which 'tis not in the Power of Friendship to supply. They have but little Notion of that Refinement in Sorrow, which affords me greater Pleasure, even in lamenting your Absence, than all their Dissipation can yield.

I was forced out to the Ball, last Night, but the Rooms were so warm, that I was obliged to quit them in half an Hour. When I got into my own Apartment, I cast my Eyes upon your Cloaths, and began to amuse myself with tacking the Paper on them; which reminded me strongly of that Passage in the *Odysssey*, where *Penelope* is described taking out Ulysses's Bow, and laying it across her Lap, that it hurried me into Romance; and soon rendered me unfit to pursue

the Task. I thought of the many lively, polite and kind Things you had said to me in those Cloaths. — I thought how insignificant they then appeared, the Tenement without the Tenant. — I thought of a Body after the Soul is fled. — I thought, 'till I became lost in Thought, then went to Bed, and finished my *Reverie* in Dreams.

I happened to be at Colonel S——'s this Evening, and my Eyes o'erflowed with Pleasure, at seeing the Happiness of the good old Couple, on the Arrivall of their Grandson from School. I hope we may, at some Time or other of our Lives, feel the same delightful Sensations. God bless and preserve our Children!

I purpose bathing for about ten Days longer, and then I really think I should, in Prudence, quit this Place. It is a Scene of Idleness and Expence. London will be cheaper and pleasanter to me; besides, I shall be more collected and retired there than I can possibly be here; and I shall have another Advantage too, from shifting the Scene, that so many Things, immediately relative to you, will not frequently occur. I do not wish to think of you less tenderly, but only less frequently. However, I shall be intirely guided by your Directions, and the Pleasure of receiving, and obeying them, will compensate for the Loss of every other I can know, till

I have

Henry and Frances,

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I have the Happiness of seeing you again. 'Till then, and ever, may rosy Health and smiling Chearfulness, dwell round you, is the fervent Prayer of my dearest Harry's truly grateful, fond, and faithful Wife,

Frances.

LETTER DXX.

Dublin.

Dear FANNY,

I HAD the Pleasure of your Letter from Bath, Yesterday. It was extremely pretty, and tender. Mr. F—— was by, and saw me affected with it. I gave it him to read, and he was charmed. He said that he received a double Satisfaction from it. I have heard, said he, some envious Ladies say, that her Writings in the *Series* could not have been her own, and must be either Copies or Translations. But the Style, Sentiment, and Language of this Manuscript, wrote *ex re nata*, sufficiently vouches her printed Fame.

I am as *lonely* amidst the Crowds here, as you can be in those at Bath; but am more
I 4. particularly

particularly dull with our old Friends, as I perceive your Loss more sensibly in their Company, as I am certain they must do in mine. Besides, one feels somewhat awkward on becoming suddenly the principal Object in Company. More is expected than I have Spirits, or they Capacity for.

As to your staying at Bath, or returning to London, let the Determination rest intirely upon your own Choice. And be that Choice decided by your Prudence, or your Pleasure, equally my Will is answered, by imposing no other Government on you, but your own Inclinations. Who never had Reason to prescribe a Conduct to you when *present*, can never think it necessary to assume an *absent* Authority.

I received a Letter, last Post, from Portarlington, and both our Children are in perfect Health. I shall leave Town To-morrow, and hasten to embrace and blefs them.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER

LETTER DXXI.

Dear FANNY,

THOUGH it is with the utmost Difficulty I hold a Pen, from an accidental Pain and Swelling in my right Hand, yet I must, and will thank you for your *Billet-doux*; for such indeed are all your Letters to me. You are, without Doubt, at once the most polite and affectionate Husband in the World. With what Address do you lay hold on every Subject that can furnish an Opportunity of exerting those amiable Qualities? Be assured, my Love, however incapable I may be of expressing my Sense of them, my Virtue has Gratitude enough to feel them in the highest Degree.

The Swelling in my Ankle is returned, which, together with this Pain in my Hand, has prevented my going into the Bath these three Days.— Take Notice that I am not low-spirited from these Complaints, I am convinced they are merely Rheumatic, and, when they are abated, I shall bathe again.

I had the Honour of a Visit from Mr. *Melmoth* Yesterday, he sat with me above an Hour, I have not spent so pleasant a one since you left me. You were the principal Subject of our Conversa-

tion. He is really a very sensible, and an agreeable Man. I wish he was younger for the Sake of the World, and had better Health, for his own.

I had a Mind, once or twice, to speak to him upon the Passage in his Cicero, that I mentioned to you in a Letter some Time ago *. But I thought it might have appeared too presuming. Besides, it would have been both improper and unfair, to have reprehended his own Fault, without doing Justice to his many Merits; and methinks there is something sneaking in being civil and severe at the same Time. It looks like begging Quarter at the very Instant of Attack.

But I never could say flattering Things to any Persons before their Faces, not even where I thought they deserved them. And in this Particular, I do not know a Couple better matched than you and I; for I am very certain that we should never have loved one another half so well as we do, if it were not for the constant Correspondence we have held together all our Lives; which afforded each of us an Opportunity of expressing those fond Sentiments in our Letters, that we were both too sturdily to utter on a *tête à tête* .

I was mortified Yesterday, at hearing Mr. D—— was come to Town. I was sorry you had missed an Opportunity of meeting him, which you have so long wished for — You were School-fellows together, and his remembering you again, after so long a Separation, and that in so kind and friendly a Manner, as he did upon a late Occasion, gives me such an Opinion and Esteem for him, as makes me regret your not being here at present. I am ashamed to own what a Rake I have been, but I will confess that I have spent but one Evening at home since you left me. I am to be at Mrs. B——'s To-night. I am engaged to Mrs. P——'s To-morrow, who has been so polite as to solicit my Acquaintance; but after that, I am resolved to grow good, and stay at home — if possible.

I write with Pain, and would yet write on, but that I am obliged to lay down my Pen, between every Sentence, which affords too much Time for Reflexion; and Thought is apt to give a Stiffness to the epistolary Style; therefore,

Adieu!

Frances.

LETTER DXXII.

*Kilkeny.**Dear FANNY,*

I RECEIVED the Pleasure of hearing from you though the Pain of hearing of you. I am extremely sorry to find your Complaints recur again. But you acknowledge yourself to have been a Rake, and promise to amend. But when? While you love, and are loved, you can never reclaim; therefore Bath, or London, are equal, in that Particular; but you have some Opportunities of establishing your Health, where you are, more than at London, and while it answers that principal End of my best Wishes, I shall never turn aside to any other Consideration. Therefore, as I said in my last, let your Prudence, or Pleasure, determine this Point; in the first of which Motives, let your Health be the chief Article included.

I have the Concern to tell you that T. H. is dead, and has, consequently, left poor Miss B—a rifled Maid, and dowerless Widow; for I suppose their Marriage may be owned now; though it can do her no other Good than to vindicate her Character, with regard to the first of these Misfortunes. What a Sacrifice has that very amiable

ble Girl been made, both to the Man, [and Fortune.

Magna parvis. — I have, myself, a Misfortune to lament. — Poor old grey Bess is dead, and I must borrow all my Jaunts from my Friends; for it would be idle to buy a Horse while I stay in the Kingdom, and then leave it to die in the Care of some Friend; for I never knew Irish Hospitality deserve more than half the Title of *Entertainment for Man and Horse*, yet. And Reason good, the Guest is taken Care of by the Master, but the poor Beast is left to his Servants. I have often wished that this Matter was a little better compounded between them, and that one should get *less Drink*, and the other *more Meat*.

Yes, I agree with you, both our Natures are too tough for fawning. I think we rather carry it, sometimes, too far in the contrary Extreme. I have seen myself rivaled with my Mistress by her Abigail, and have had my Patrons stolen away, before my Face, by *Valet de Chambres*. I have been all my Life waiting 'till pretty Women should have Sense, and great Men Virtue. *Rusticus expectans*, and so forth.

I am as concerned as you, that I happened to miss the Pleasure of seeing my good old Friend, Mr. D——, at Bath; but I shall
make

make myself Amends, by *paying myself* a Visit to him, this Summer, soon after I return to England.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER DXXIII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

THE Pleasure I receive from your Letters gives me some Idea of that Superiority I fancy I should feel, were I alone blessed with a sixth Sense. I seem to possess a peculiar Kind of Property. I could most devoutly wish that it were less *exclusive*. And it might be so, if Persons would only pay that Attention to the greater Connections, that they do to the smaller ones. If they would but take Care to shew that Respect to a Companion for Life, that they do to a Gossip for a Day. — Good Breeding is absolutely necessary to keep the more delicate Affections alive, and therefore of infinitely more Consequence at home than abroad.

Indeed,

Indeed, my Harry, you are too good to me.— So much Praise, for so little Merit, renders me humble in my own Eyes. However, I am not quite a Bankrupt; for if true Love and Gratitude have Currency in our Commerce, I am able to make large Payments, though I can never fully discharge my Obligation.

I had a violent Pain in my Hand, when I wrote last, and it has since changed to one in my Ear, which has prevented my sleeping these two Nights. Mr. H — has prescribed a topical Application, which I think has begun to give Relief already. I am mortified at filling my Letters with an Account of Ailments, but it is some Ease to think my dear Harry will pity me.

I flatter myself that my Conduct will never reflect Dishonour on the unbounded Confidence you have been so good as to repose in me. My sole Reason for desiring to leave *Bath* is, that I think it too gay and expensive for me. I told you, in one of my Letters, that Mrs. B — was so obliging to offer me an Apartment in her House, 'till Mr. B — and you return from Ireland, which, since I find you do not disapprove of, I shall immediately accept.

You did not tell me you were going to *Portarlington*, and yet I will venture to pronounce that

that you are there at this Moment. My Duty to my Mother, and my Blessing to my Children, with Love, Faith, and Gratitude to my dear Husband.

Adieu!

Francis.

LETTER DXXIV.

Castle-Comer.

Dear FANNY,

I LEFT our Family well, at *Portarlington*, last Monday Morning. I staid a Day at Mr. C——'s. He is going fast, I think. — Drinks Drams in a Morning, and has nothing of his former Spirit left, but his Obstinacy. He fell into an hysteric Fit, on seeing me, and wept like a Child, as my own dear Children did, when I left them.

I came hither, Yesterday, through the raging Dog-Star Heat, and just as I had alighted, I heard the disagreeable News that Messieurs F—— and A—— had gone off to Holyhead, to fight a Duel together.

“ There

"There to consummate their unfinished *Hate*."

I think I wrote you an Account, before, of the first Action of this Campaign, which was a Skirmish that happened on the Morning of my landing in Dublin. I thought Mr. F—— to blame in the Manner of the Attack; but Provocation and Passion are not very controulable Impulses. However, he bore himself through it, with proper Spirit, accepted a Challenge, went to the Ground, was put in Arrest by the Sheriff, and bound over, as well as his Antagonist.

Mr. A—— afterwards sent a Proposal to him to break his Arrest. He asked my Opinion upon it. 'Tis Cowardice to be brave at another Man's Hazard. — I therefore told him, in Metaphor, that as he had already put the *labouring Oar* on his Adversary, all he had to do himself was, in the Boatman's Phrase, just to *hold Water*. I added, that he had no farther Resentment to gratify, nor any Pique to support, and therefore it was by no Means incumbent on him to exceed the common Rules of Honour, either by forfeiting or evading his Recognizance, merely in Compliment to an Enemy.

However,

However, he did not acquiesce in my Counsel of War, or rather of Peace, but consulted Lord N——, and G. S. who are our *Martinets* in Chivalry, upon this delicate Punctilio, and they both subscribed to the same Opinion. Men of true Bravery are never too forward for themselves, and less so for others.

I thought then, I had left him safe, from Perils by Land, or by Water; and what has tempted him to this Voyage, I have not heard. A Surety for the Peace holds but for a Twelve-month, and perhaps they might both of them have chosen to rid themselves of so much Anxiety, which was gaining a Year in Advance; like a true Epicurian Club, I once heard of, who always paid their Bill, before they sat down in the Tavern, that they might enjoy the Pleasure of living, at free Cost the Remainder of the Evening.

I shall be unhappy 'till I hear how this Affair ends. If it should have a fatal Event, to either Party, you'll know it, at Bath or London, sooner than I can here. My Uneasiness upon this Occasion would prevent me from entering upon any other Subject, in this Letter, if I had any Thing else to say, than that I am, my dear Fanny's, &c.

Henry.

LETTER

LETTER DXXV.

Bristol.

FRANCIS to HENRY.

I WAS tempted to see this Place, with our good Friends Mr. and Mrs. C——, before I return to London. I was so delighted with the Country, that I happened to breathe a Wish to pass a few Days here; and these kind People, immediately taking Advantage of it, offered to stay a Fortnight with me. I could not resist it; I am sure you will not think it any Breach of that generous Confidence you have been always pleased to repose in me; but I own I languished for a little more Country Air than I could inhale from the hot Steams at Bath, and became enamoured of these Hills,

“As one who long in populous Cities pent.”

I hope the Exercise, Waters, and Change of Atmosphere will be of Use to me, and pay you back again in Health, and Spirits, the Difference of Expence which this Fortnight's Excursion may cost me, for to that Time we have limited our Frolic.

I confess

I confess that I feel our Disjunction more strongly here, than I even did while I remained at Bath; for as the Scene is much pleasanter, I the more earnestly wish for your Participation of it. This Thought takes off, a good deal, from the Enjoyment of my present Situation, and mortifies me greatly, that we did not take a Jaunt here, while we were together.

I drink the Waters, but could wish that they were cooler, to qualify the immoderate Warmth of the Weather, which, however, does not confine me within Doors; and in two Days I have got myself so tanned, that I appear a Gipsy, to the Ghosts which glide through the Pump-Room here.

I was Yesterday to see Lord Botetourt's, a rich and beautiful Scene, but wants Water to complete the Landscape. To-day I am to be transported at King's Weston, and To-morrow we are to see and spend the Day at Westbury. The gentlest of Deans was here this Morning to engage us. He gave me the Pleasure to let me know, from a Letter he had just received from herself, that our dear B—— was much better.

Every Day one meets with Discouragements from doing Good. The Morning I left Bath,
I was

I was publickly attacked by your mad Pensioner, Mrs. H——, who challenged me how you dare quit the Kingdom, without making up Accounts with her? So that your humane and charitable Undertaking, in contributing and soliciting Subscriptions for her Support, was treated like the Fraud of some Attorney who had imbezzled her Fortune.

The Woman where she lodged, had indiscreetly, or perhaps designedly, acquainted her with what you had done for her; and it had it's Effect; for there was no reasoning with a mad Woman; so I took out my Purse and paid her, before several Witnesses, the Ballance of the Account, as it stood upon the Paper you left me.

So that this Fund, which, with proper Parsimony, might have supported her for a Twelvemonth, as it has done for some Time past, will probably now, between her own Extravagance, and the Impositions of the Wretches about her, be dissipated in a Month, a Week, a Day.

I am ashamed to confess that my Virtue was not steady enough to withstand the Onset, but the Consideration I have mentioned did not so immediately occur to my Mind. The Novelty of the Thing surprised me, and her Violence threw me into such Confusion, that I own the
first

first Idea of Charity, which then presented itself to me, was that it *began at Home.*

Mrs. C—— is summoning me to go upon our Party, and I have but just Time to say,

Adieu!

Frances.

LETTER DXXVI.

Kilfane.

Dear NEIGHBOUR.

YOU are almost as near Waterford, as I am, at present; and if the Wind served, I might sup with you To-night. It gives me great Pleasure to find you are at Bristol, since it seems to please you so much, and while it continues to do so, you are heartily welcome to remain there. 'Tis pleasant to leave her Mistress of her own Motions, in Absence, who when present, has been always so of mine.

How can you use me so ill, as to express the least Manner of Apprehension of my being dissatisfied with your Excursion? Is not my first Principle your Pleasure, or Happiness? There is no Expence, within the Reach of my Fortune, that

that I would suffer even to come into Calculation, where your least Amusement enters into Account. All I am sorry for is, that you had not some agreeable Party ready to go off to France, or Spa, the very Day I left you, to jaunt about during my Exile. I have ever made you the sole Economist of our Fortunes, and you have therefore no one to settle Accounts with but yourself.

The Story of Miss—— is not true, though her Disgrace is. It was not *Cupid*, but *Bacchus*, that tript up her Heels.

“ Her Custom always in the Afternoon.”

However, the Scandal is not altered much to her Advantage. I really think the Reverse. One is but a *Frailty*, the other a *Vice*.

I shall set out the first Day of next Month, go through Portarlington to Dublin, and set sail with the next fair Wind. Direct your next Letter to me, in Anglesey-Street, your second to Chester, and the third to Manchester, for I shall deviate thither, in my Route to London, to see a Brother and Sister I love extremely, and have not been within three hundred Miles of these fifteen Years before.”

Adieu!

Henry.

L E T T E R

LETTER DXXVII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

“THE Seas are more in fault than they.”

I have not received a Line from you, these four Posts; but, without consulting the Weathercock, I give my Jealousy to the Winds.

I spent a charming Week at Kilfane. There was just King Charles's Company of us. You may easily guess the Set. We were all in Spirits, and sharpened each others Wits. Iulus acquitted himself most admirably, in Humour, Literature, Readiness, and Fancy. I wish I could write down our *Symposiasts*. But they would convey to you a very faint Idea of the Scenes themselves. The Impromptu's, the extempore Glee: — *We dipt in the Rainbow, trickt it off in Air.*

We most heartily wished you among us, — not as a Woman, for we had enough of them, — but as a Companion. — The highest Pleasure you would have received, upon this Occasion, is one that I have not hinted at yet, and that was, the Transports of the Mother, which broke out frequently, when she saw her Son so applauded and approved by us all. She asked me,

me, one Day, what I really thought of him. — I replied, that Panegyric was not my Talent, but that he was such a Son as one might give a Receipt in full to Providence for. The Tears burst from her Eyes, — and she is not easily moved. I have mentioned but the lightest Part of the young Man's Character, yet — His Principles have not only *Strength*, but *Beauty*, in them. —

The Races begin To-day, but I think I am full near enough to them here, and that it will be e'en *bad enough* to hear of them; so I keep my Seat, in a charming Apartment that was built since I was here last, and is appropriated to me. — A Bedchamber, a Gallery, and a Library.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER DXXVIII.

*Hot-wells.**My dear HARRY,*

THIS broken Kind of Correspondence is a grievous Addition to the broken Continent that seperates us. I have no Heart to write, when I think there are so many Chances that you shall never receive my Letters; or, if you should, that they will lie a Week unopened. I have never been so long without hearing from you, as now, and was never more anxious about you. — This ugly Affair of F—— and A—— has made a great Noise; and though I have the highest Opinion of your Conduct and Prudence, I did not know how far you might be involved in it, but, I thank God, it is over without Danger. — Poor Lady F——; I would not have been in her Situation, for any Consideration in this World.

I rejoice at the Accout you give of my Mother and Children, but don't think it half particular enough; I wish to know how they looked, and what they said when they saw you. Do you intend to bring Harry with you? Is he rejoiced
at

at the Hopes of coming to London; Did he receive a Letter from me lately? and a thousand more Questions I have to ask. You have not yet informed me, what you have done, or intend to do, with your House and Furniture? or whether our little Plate is recovered that was mislaid in the Carriage to London.

The Change of Air, and these Waters, for the little Time I have been here, have been of infinite Service to me, particularly for the Complaint in my Breast, which was very uneasy, though I did not mention it; yet I shall quit this Place on Thursday next, return to Bath, pack up my Cloaths, and set out immediately for London. I own I should like to stay here a Month longer, but I shall not indulge myself, for this, like all Water-drinking Places, is a Scene of Expence and Dissipation, and I must retire, if I am to do any Kind of Business, though I fear I shall do but little, 'till you come to give me a Home, and make that Home more pleasing to me than any other Place. This, with true Gratitude to Providence, and you, I own has ever been my happy Lot, when you were with me; may it ever continue so, “and may our Loves and “ Comforts still increase even as our Days do “ grow.” Amen.

Mr. C ——— was taken suddenly ill on Monday last; luckily for him Dr. Lucas was here, the immediate Care that was taken of him, I believe, saved his Life; thank God, he is now pretty well. The Doctor and I are now vastly intimate, both he and his Wife are very agreeable. Mr. A ——— mends but slowly. If I had any News to send you, it would be old, before you could get it, so I shall conclude with a Truth, that I hope will never be out of Date, that I am my dearest Harry's ever faithful and affectionate Wife,

Frances.

LETTER

LETTER DXXIX.

Kilmurry.

I CAME over here to pay our worthy Friend a Visit two Nights ago, and found him in good Health and Spirits, and he is resolved to keep himself so; for he breakfasts upon boiled Bread and Milk, and sups on a Gooseberry Fool without Wine. We both became more sensible of our Wives' Absence, whence we had got thus *Tete à Tete* together, than either of us might possibly have been, separately, since we parted.

'Tis more than probable that we shall return to England together, though I shall not say any Thing to him of the Matter, 'till we meet in Dublin; for I have given out, that my Design is to return by Waterford and Bristol, for very prudent Reasons, and I do not think it worth while to let him into the *Finesse*, at present; because it would be giving him the Trouble of guarding a Secret, without any Manner of Purpose.

However, I have got one out of him, that you have been curious about for some Time. — He was the Author of the clever and polite Letter to you, from Bath, with the Sketch of an Epilogue for the Platonic Wife.

Farmly.

I dined at Mr. Juliette's To-day, in my Way hither. Lady C—— preserves her Beauty, and my Lord his Character, still.

I received the Pleasure of a Letter from you, as soon as I alighted here. You have a Delight in distressing me. — You say the Air and Water of Bristol have agreed with you, and that you could with Pleasure have continued there a Month longer. And why did you not? I have, in all my Letters, left you perfect Mistress of your Choice of Residence, and I would, with greater Pleasure, have met you at Bristol than at London. — I could then have taken my Tour by *Waterford*, as I pretend to do at present. — The Journey would have been less, by an hundred Miles, and I could have seen you perhaps, a Week, or ten Days, sooner. — 'Tis now too late to adjust this Point, for, by your Letter, you must be in London this Day. —

The several Questions you ask about your Children, and Family Affairs, I have already answered in Letters, which possibly might have miscarried. I shall set out for Portarlington To-morrow.

*Adieu!**Henry.*

LETTER

LETTER DXXX.

Dublin.

I ST A I D two Days at Portarlinton, and left your Mother and Children extremely well, but a good deal uneasy at not having any Expectation of seeing you this Year. I amused them with Hopes, however, for their Sakes, and my own too, in order to pass my Time more chearfully among them.

All Friends here are in good Health. Nothing new has occurred, since I saw them last, of any Consequence; but I have pick'd up some Anecdotes among them, which I shall keep in my Memory to entertain you at Meeting. One Story, relating to J. B——'s Marriage, forms a perfect Novel. 'Tis characteristick more Ways than one.

I have disposed of all our Furniture, except those Particulars which you desired to be kept for you; I sold them in the Lump, upon Valuation, as I had not Leisure to wait for an Auction. I have also disposed of the Interest of my House, which I thought better than letting it, at a trifling or precarious second Rent. I have done what I judged most expedient, though not perhaps most profitable, in our present Circumstances,

stances, therefore let us think no more about that Matter now.

The sorting and settling the Affairs of my Household, have both delayed and fatigued me, till I have neither Time, or Spirits, to add more than that I am, without Fatigue or Delay, your affectionate Husband, and just stepping on Board.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER DXXXI.

London.

I CAME to Town two Days ago, and am settled with my dear Friend in Half-Moon-Street, and almost repent now of my Departure to Bristol, as it has deprived me of the charming Society of my little B —, so much longer, with whom I enjoy every rational and elegant Pleasure that I could hope, or wish, to taste in your Absence. However, I hope I shall soon be deprived of this Satisfaction, in Part, or rather have it well exchanged, by your coming soon to London, when I shall take some Lodging

Lodging in this Neighbourhood, 'till you have determined upon some Country Retirement for the Remainder of the Summer.

I had the sincere Pleasure of receiving two Letters from you, returned to me from the Hotwells, after having sustained a longer Silence, and of Course feeling an higher Degree of Anxiety, on that Account, than I had done since our last Parting. But the Kindness and Politeness of those Letters have amply repaid my Uneasiness. I thankfully accept your Letter of Credit, upon myself, and hope I shall never become such a Bankrupt, as to suffer your Drafts of Love, Honour, and Confidence, to be protested.

I can now, with more Ease to myself than since we parted, bid you Adieu, in the fond Hope of our speedy Meeting, never again to be so long separated.

Frances

BETTER

LETTER DXXXII.

Chester.

I LANDED at Parkgate, this Morning, at Ten o'Clock. Mcdames F—— and W——, whom I had the Pleasure of escorting from Bath, came over with me, and are now on their Return thither. I must stay here To-night, for there are not Posts from hence, across the Country, to Manchester, and I must hire a Chaise for the Journey, which I shall commence in the Morning.

Mr. B—— will have the Pleasure of seeing you and his Wife, before me, for I saw him safe landed at Holyhead, as I sailed by Yesterday. I met him on the Quay, just as I was stepping on Board. I wanted him to come with me, but his Stomach has a natural *Hydrophobia* in it, and I would have gone with him, but for my *Knight-Errantry*.

I had the Pleasure of receiving your Letter here, and the Satisfaction of hearing that you are well, and in London, before me. I think it will be an Advantage to you to have seen Bristol, before you returned to Little B——, you know how enamoured she was of it, herself, and it was
the

the only Subject, on which she could point out Beauties that you were a Stranger to.

Mrs. H—— resides still in this Town; and lives a Life, not only without Reproach, but of edifying Example; and this Character will last I dare answer for it. Perhaps it may be an Advantage not to have begun to use one's Virtue too soon, lest the Fund might be exhausted, before that Time of Life, when it would not only be a Sin, but a Shame, to be found Bankrupt; as many of our Stock-Jobbers in Prudery have lately turned out.

But, to speak more seriously, and intelligibly, I really never thought she wanted Virtue, in any Sense, but only that one, to which Parsons and Prudes too much confine the Female Character: And as her Failures have been ever more owing to Solicitation, than Passion — to Weakness, rather than Vice — I think her no longer now, in Danger of a Relapse, unless your Scheme of Providence *, of undecaying Bloom, should happen to take Place. Had she not been so very agreeable, she might ever have remained as chaste as other Women — *who*, for the contrary Reason, *have never been tried*.

* See Letter CCCCIX. Par. 5.

Her Health and Looks are much impaired, but her Spirit, and her Spirits, continue still the same, even with Improvement. Her Wit is tempered with better Sense, and her Contempt of the World, is not now for it's Opinion, or Censure, but it's Vanities and Pleasures. Which that we may all come to, &c.

And Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER DXXXIII.

Manchester.

I ARRIVED here Yesterday, to Dinner, and had the Pleasure to find my Brother and Sister well. She is, I think, as handsome as ever, and not the worse for being a little fatter. He looks well enough too in the Face, but the Gout, like the *Wheel*, has broken his Limbs. He is commanding Officer here, and 'tis vast Pleasure to me to see with what Love and Respect he is treated by his whole Corps. But his Behaviour towards them all has ever deserved it. His Lieutenant-Colonel is going out, and he is to succeed him.

The

The Town here is very large, populous, and rich, and the Country round it beautiful, and thick planted with Villas. England is a perfect *Elysium*, one cannot ride three Miles, in any Part of it, without seeing present Opulence, Magnificence, or Vestiges of former Grandeur.

I received your Letter here, where you say I seem to hint of returning soon to live in Ireland, by adding some Accommodations to the Schedule of Things you marked to be excluded from the Sale of our Goods. I forget now what they were, so can't give you my Reasons for excepting them; but this I am certain of, that they were not of the Kind you mention.

The Expediency of our Affairs alone, shall be my Guide; you shall be sole Judge of that Matter yourself; and shall determine every Circumstance of Life, or Residence, for us both. You have always been, do still remain, and shall ever continue the ultimate Goal, the sole Center, and governing Principle, of all my Thoughts and Actions.

The Major insists upon my staying with him a Fortnight to give him a Day, at least, for every Year of Absence; but I have been suffered to take a Place in next Monday's Coach, upon Promise

mise of bringing you here soon, to spend the Remainder of the Summer.

Love to our good Friends in Halfmoon-street, I shall call there the Moment I get to London, to meet you, or know where you have taken our Lodgings.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER DXXXIV.

HIATUS. - Second JOURNEY to IRELAND.

Dunstable. Friday Night.

My dear FANNY,

WE could get no farther this Day. The Weather miserable, and the Roads heavy. I had greatly fatigued myself too, even before I set out. I had walked through Rain, from Ryder-street to London-House, with the Manuscript of David, and the two Volumes of the *Trio*, besides an *unusual* Load of Cash, in my Pocket; a Great Coat on my Back; Sword, Belt, Cane, Whip, Gloves, and Spurs, in my Hands; and the Boots that had kided me at Windsor,

Windsor, on my Legs, and the *Antipodes* of them rendered worse by the Hat-linings. In short, though I set out like *Bays's Horse*, *shod with Felt*, I was soon reduced to the State of his *Volsci*, for I was obliged to draw one Boot off, as soon as I got to *Aldersgate-street*, and so came out of Town like a *Dragoon*, in equal Capacity for Horse, or Foot Service.

Saturday Morning. Brickhill.

We came hither to breakfast, and I longed with Hunger for my own *Rosemary*, but more with Fondness, for my *Rosamundi*. She can never be *Rose in the Gun-Room*, for that can be only when she is cross.

In this Parlour there is a Print of the Queen, with the Inscription thus defaced ——— Stupid Humour! To be scurrilous, without Meaning, or even Malice, is going to the Devil, Gratis.

Daventry.

We dined at *Torcester*, and are now set down here. Our Postillion, with the thorough Consent of his Horses, renegued going farther. At this Rate, it must cost us five Days, at least, to get to Chester. This is truly mortifying and provoking. However, my Companion is a cheerful,

ful, civil, *untroublsome* Person, which is a new Character for a Woman; and has a good deal of *small Chat*, which she keeps going, with a low Voice, and in one Note, like a *Humming Bird*, which does not interrupt Sleep.

Adieu !

Henry.

LETTER DXXXV.

Sunday Evening. Colehill.

WE breakfasted at *Dunburch*, and got to *Coventry*, by Twelve o'Clock; where the Postillion, who has shewn himself our Master all along the Road, would stop to Dinner. I proposed to my good-humoured Fellow Traveller, to come on to *Mereden*, and wait there 'till our Chaise came up. We took a Post-Chaise, and came to Dinner at that sweet Place. Did I not wish for you there, more particularly? We could get no farther than this Stage, To night.

Monday. Stone.

Breakfasted at *Litchfield*, dined at *Heywood*, and inn here, for the Night. The Weather extremely bad, I thought it had got an Ague. Friday Bad, Saturday good, Yesterday foul again; but
this

this that I expected to be it's *Well-Day*, of Course has turned out rather a *Lack, and Well-a-day*.

This is the Fourth of our Peregrination, say *Pilgrimage*, and our Charioteer says he will not deliver us at *Chester* 'Till Wednesday Morning. There is no helping ourselves now, and what would signify a Law-suit afterwards? Though is it not hanging Matter to be *slopt on the Road*, by an *Highwayman*? 'Tis stupid to travel any other Way than Post; the Expedition of the Journey saves both Expence, Fatigue, and Delay.

My Chum and I have constantly *sleep together*, all along the Road, though, for Decency Sake, we never *lay together* yet. Whenever I turn about, I find her napping, and if I had all the Hands of *Briareus*, I might earn Gloves enough for them, but that I do not chuse to be *Hand and Glove* with any body else but you.

The Wind has been against our sailing ever since I came out, which makes my Mind the easier under this Delay. The Rain is pelting down against the Windows. That the Sound of a Fall of Waters, should ever be disagreeable to such musical and poetical Ears as mine!

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER

LETTER DXXXVI.

Tuesday Evening, Tarpoly.

WE are now within ten or a dozen Miles no Matter which, of Chester. We should drive that Post with other Horses To-night, but that the Wind still continues so peremptory against us, that we think we may as well wait the Leisure of our Charioteer.

As my Way is always to compose myself to read, or write, the Moment I am set down at my Stage, and that some little Qualms of Politeness must naturally have arisen in my Mind, with regard to the Lady, I had the good Fortune to find that she had not met with the *Triumverate* †, in London, so I lent it to her, for the Amusement of the Road.

She is intelligent, but not much refined by Literature or Sentiment. Her Affections are consequently, in their *proper Places*, and Nature must be always the first Thing moved in her. With this View, then, I have watched her Features, while she was reading, and upon observing any Alteration in them to Mirth, or Sorrow. I just

† The Title stopped the Sale, for a considerable Time, as it sounded like a political Work.

cast my Eye carelessly over the Page, and had the Satisfaction to find that she wept, or smiled, always in those very Places where I had done so myself in the writing. I think I may say, as Molier did, after *La Forêt* had approved his Works, *I defy the Critics now.*

“Vouez y verrez du serieux,

“Entre mêlé de Badinage,

“Des Traits un peu facétieux,

“Dont la Morale au moins est sage.”

Pres. aux œuv. du Philos. de sans-sonci.

Good Night.

Henry.

LETTER

LETTER DXXXVII.

Wednesday. Chester.

WE arrived here, this Morning, through a very disagreeable Climate, and bad Roads. I have seen the Masters of the Ships from Parkgate, and they tell me that the Wind is not only obstinate against them, at present, but threatens to continue so, for some Time. This has determined my little merry Companion and me to set out To-morrow in the Stage for Holyhead, to take the Advantage of the shortest Sea, and first shifting of the Sails, to make our Passage to Ireland.

I was engaged in very agreeable Company this Evening, but my old Disorder has come upon me so severely, To-day, that I was obliged soon to quit them, and am now retired to write a few Lines to you, and *wait* for the Coach, as I don't think two Hours, which is all that is allowed me, worth going to Bed for.

My Cholic has brought me to that Pass, that I can now neither live among Men, or Women, and must be soon obliged to quite the World, in the *absolute* Sense, if I do not immediately do so, in the *relative* one. In short, I must no longer continue an Heroe, but live

live for myself, and not to the World, for the future. The Physic of the Sea, perhaps, may do me Good. I sail in Hope.

Adieu!

Henry.

P. S. The Post is not yet come in by which I expect a Letter from you.

LETTER DXXXVIII.

Thursday. Conway.

NO Time lost, for the Wind is point-blank against us still, but all the Pacquets are on this Side, so that there is no Fear of a Passage, as soon as the Wind serves. Mr. C—— and his Caravan are not yet come up, so that the Inns are not incumbered with his Retinue, which might have laid our Coach under Inconveniencies.

I received your Letter at Chester, just after I had sent mine to the Post. It was a kind Relief to my sick Stomach, and wearied Spirits, to hear you are well. But the Anxiety and Despondency you express, about the Business I am
going

going to Ireland upon, rendered the Postage of your Letter an heavy Tax on me. — But if a Disappointment in that Affair should happen: — It possibly, very possibly, likely, very likely, may, I intreat that you will be *ourself*, by reflecting upon the many Bounties of Providence already received by us, and knowing that it has many more Ways than one, of shewing it's Kindness towards those, whose Exertions merit, and whose Acquiescence renders them fit Objects of it's Favour.

Adieu, once more, my Life, my Love. — My Wife, in Nature and Desert, more than in Obligation, or in Name.

Henry.

P. S. I desired you to write a second Letter to me at Chester, as I thought I might have loitered a Day or two there for a Wind. I left Orders to have it sent after me to the *Head*.

LETTER

LETTER DXXXIX.

Saturday. Holyhead.

YOUR poor Vagabond arrived here last Night, extremely fatigued. The Town full, and Wind contradictory still. Very bad Accommodations, or *Commendations*, as Mr. Benson would say *, all the Way from London hither. Every Mereden failed us. Here let me say one Thing in my Life, like *Swift*, though it has no Truth in it. *This Road is kept up by the Irish alone, and the Hosts have at length accommodated themselves to the Manners of their Guests—Dirt, Sloth, and Extravagance!* I have not slept two Hours any Night since I set out; but as an Inn is no Place to set up one's Rest at, and that the Stage *Siefto's* served as well for me, I did not lament that so much as the Badness of our Meat and Drink.

I have amused myself, this Morning, walking in the Church-Yard, and reading the monumental Inscriptions. There are but two that have the least Manner of Sentiment in them. One begins thus. *The Remains of Innocency.* Then the

* See the Slip-Slop Dictionary, in the Triumvirate, Chapter CLXXX,

Names of three Infants follow. The other begins with the Names of four Children, of the Family of *Griffith*, whose Souls are flown to that Place, where only their Purity can be exceeded.

Dulcibella is the affected Christian Name of one Female Corpse. It is compounded of two Italian Words, which signify Sweetness and Beauty. Vain Epithets for Dust and Ashes! Some Tombstones have only Initials, and others are quite blank, which latter must have been, I suppose, some grievous Sinners, who had Reasons for not caring to be known *the last Day*; and were just as cunning as the Man, who going to Bed in Fear of Fleas, put out the Candle, that they should not find him.

I expected a Letter from you here, forwarded from Chester, but the Post has arrived without it. Probably the Neglect is in the Person I desired to take Care of it there; or your Servant forgot to carry it to the Post, or the Mail was robbed, or any Manner of Supposition, rather than suspect you. It was the Letter you might have wrote, I mean, certainly did write, the Tuesday after I left you; so please to recollect if there was any Thing material in it, and repeat it, in your next Letter to Dublin.

On

One probable Article in it, was relative to the D. M. I hope my only *Disappointment* in this Matter is my not hearing any Thing about it. Or if it should be even total in it's Kind, it shall not be so with me, in it's Effect. I have a Way of *bilking* Poverty. I can't express my Meaning without a Paradox, but where my Expectation ceases, my Hope always begins. I am a perfect *Optimist*. I rejoice in a Lottery, when the five thousand Prize passes me by, for then I immediately conclude that Fortune has *palmed* the Ten Thousand for me.

If the Wind changes, and this Weather holds, *which I am sure it will*, we shall have not only a safe, but a pleasant Passage. Amen.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER DXL.

I N my own Kingdom still, — for you know that the last King of Wales was my lineal Predecessor, in the male Branch. — And I live pretty much as I should do, were I really Monarch of it — musing to the Hum of the Harp, viewing savage Prospects, contemplating, reading, and walking alone. Well! *King I am.* You'll say this is only playing at *Cross-Purposes.* But, why so? I am, at least, *King in Man*, who possess the *Regnum sui*, the Empire of my own Breast, without Controul.

“ And I alone am King of me.” DRYDEN.

These excessive Mountains and stupendous Rocks, by unpoetic Philosophers, are styled the *Excrecences*; by me, the *Protuberances* of Nature. Their uncultivated Wildness pleases us infinitely more than the richest Prospect of an improved Champain. And why? I forget (which is sometimes an Advantage to one) what Mr. B — says upon this Subject, in his Treatise on the *Sublime and Beautiful*; but my Reason for it is this, that the Mind, instantly, though generally, without attending to it, refers the one to *Nature*,
and

and the other to *Art*. The Impression to Awe, which we are affected with at the same Time, I think, sufficiently proves this Distinction.

I have just heard that Mr. C—— and his Caravan are coming down *the Slope of the Mountain*, to occupy a whole Pacquet-Boat. But what signifies that to us? He was never thought an *Ulysses*, and therefore has not *the Winds in a Bag*.

However, I am in Hopes of getting away, this Evening, which has been just whispered to me, by a *side Wind*, but 'tis a safe one, as it blows off Shore, and the Weather is mild. You'll reckon me a dull Correspondent, who make the Wind and Weather my constant Topics. I wish we were *Half-Seas over*, at least, at present, for more Reasons than one. My Cash, by Expences and lending, is reduced to almost the Price of my Passage; and Provisions here is as scarce, as bad, and as dear, as in a Siege.

I'll go and discourse the learned Tars, upon this *Point of the Compass*.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER DXLI.

My dear WANDERER,

I HAVE received the Pleasure of your frequent and entertaining Journals on the Road. The Account of your Disorder returning on you, was an heavy Drawback on the Merit of them.

I have the Satisfaction to inform you, that the Affair of the D. M. is intirely settled to my Satisfaction, and I therefore need your Assistance in London, sooner than I hoped for at parting. But as your Business in Ireland is of much more Consequence than mine here, I beg you'll not pay me a *single* Compliment at our *double* Expence. You will come over Time enough to return Thanks to the many Friends who have interested themselves for me, upon the present, and it were but Gratitude to say indeed, upon all Occasions; and that is all that can reasonably be expected from you in the present Situation of your Affairs.

In the mean Time I shall indulge myself in the double Pleasure of writing to, and hearing from, you. Correspondence is a charming Commerce, it gives two Persons an Enjoyment of
each

each other, even in Absence, and is the only, at least the highest, Solace of two parted Lovers.

I was shewn two very pretty Stanzas, this Morning, by a Friend, which were written by a Gentleman, already distinguished in the literary World, but not yet published; to which I have ventured to add a third Stanza, which I thought it wanted, to comprehend the full Scope of the Subject; and as it is upon the same Topic, with my last Paragraph, I venture to send it to you for your Amusement, and am my dearest Harry's truly fond and faithful Wife,

Frances.

P. S. I wish you a safe and pleasant Voyage, I send my Compliments to your Fellow Traveler, though unknown, Duty to my Mother, Blessing to my Children, and Love to all Friends in Ireland.

C O N S T A N C Y.

Behold yon gaudy painted Flower,
 Gay blushing to the Morning Rays,
 It sprang and blossom'd in an Hour,
 With Night's chill Blast, it's Bloom decays;
 Yet thoughtless Maidens as they rove,
 Mistake, and call it Flower of Love.

But Love's true Flower before it springs,
 Deep in the Breast it's Fibres shoots,
 And clasps the Heart, and round it clings,
 And fixes by a thousand Roots ;
 Then bids it's strengthen'd Branches climb,
 And brave the chilling Power of Time.

But should the Heart, it's once Ally,
 By Falshood, or by Death decay,
 It droops it's Head, prepares to die,
 Nor seeks on Earth a second Stay ;
 But swift returning whence it came,
 Adds Fuel to celestial Flame.

L E T T E R DXLII.

Holyhead, still.

ALL the Comfort I have here, is that I am already half Way on my Voyage from Parkgate, and that I can get Rosemary Tea for Breakfast. Yes, I have another Thing to comfort me, your second Letter to Chester has overtaken me, at last, and gives me vast Pleasure. I thank you for the Indulgences of your *Furlough*, but shall not take the *Disadvantage* of it, for I promise you to be back in London, before

fore *Christmas*, which will be Time enough to answer your Purpose, I suppose.

I have some Business of Consequence, as you say, in Ireland; but as every Thing which depends upon me, in those Affairs, can be done before that Time, I shall leave the rest in the Hands of Friends, which is no more than I must do, were I upon the Spot; and those who would neglect me in Absence, I am of Opinion would do so were I present.

I have no longer any romantic Notions of Friendship. I have lived too long in the World. I have exercised *one Half* of that *Presumption* often enough myself, to know the Insufficiency of the Idea. But I cannot yet think that it is too sanguine to expect Services from one Person, whose Interest it is to fulfil Engagements, or from another, whose Honour has attached him to me, from his own generous and voluntary Patronage. They are both Persons of Spirit and Character, which will not only render them accountable to the World, but responsible to *their own* Sentiments. Such is the State of my political Dependencies in Ireland; and in this I shall perfectly acquiesce, when I leave it; which I shall do, about the Time I mentioned, already.

I settled our travelling Accounts with my *other-self*, this Morning, and then amused my-

self with making a Calculation between coming *Post*, from *London* to *Chester*, and the hiring a Chair for the Journey, as we did ; and find that the Difference between *Fatigue and Delay*, and *Dispatch and Ease*, is but just eighteen Shillings between two Persons. This I take to be purchasing *Time*, tolerably cheap, at about three Shillings a Day. So much for your Pleasure and Satisfaction, in travelling that Journey, whenever we may have Occasion for it together

I have another Pleasure in Store for you, too. I have bought a Book of Maps, of all the Counties in England, with an alphabetical List of the Roads, either direct, or across all Great Britain. This is a vast Convenience and Advantage in travelling, besides the Amusement of it. Suppose you were coming from London to Chester, and had either Business, or Curiosity, to see *Bridge-north*, *Tamworth*, or *Birmingham*, at any Time of your Life. By looking through these Pages, you would see how these Places lay, and that it was but a Stage, a Stage and an Half, or two Stages, to one or other of them ; and it might vex one, perhaps, a Month or two afterwards, to hear that they had been so near them, without having taken the Advantage of it.

The

The Distance, in measured Miles, are exactly set down, and every Curiosity, or specific Manufacture of each Town, is fully set forth. The Price of this geographical *Vade Mecum* is but half a Guinea, and I would give twice the Price of it, that I had one of them, when we came first to England.

I have been, thank God, so well, these three Days, of my Cholic, that it has, by no Means, agreed with me. In short, I cannot sleep a Nights, and sometimes wish for Pain, to lull me to Rest. I cannot lie five Minutes one Way, but turn from Side to Side, as hot and restless as a *Coffee-roaster*; or I may be resembled to a certain *Animal*, called a *Top**, that cannot sleep, 'till it's Sides are well lashed. The Truth is, I believe, that Sickness has, by Use, become so habitual to me, that I do not feel myself in a *natural State* out of it. This put me in Mind of the Story you told me once, of a poor invalid Lady, who used to say, twice or thrice a Year, "I can't conceive what *ails me*, but I find myself *extremely well*, To-day.

* The ingenious Dunces of School-Men made it a Question formerly, whether a *Top* was not an Animal, as it appeared to, have a Power of continuing it's own Motion, after the first Impulse had been communicated to it.

I have just seen a News-Paper from Ireland, which mentions the Corporation of Sadlers having presented Mr. *Flood* with his Freedom, in a Silver Box. Some Gentlemen, who are lately come over here, tell me, that he is become extremely *popular* in Dublin, at present. I accept that Expression in it's best Sense, for I think he has too much Sense and Virtue, ever to degenerate into *Mobilarity**.

Adieu! I wish I was now at Sea, for two Reasons; that the rocking of the Cradle might induce Sleep, and that I might be wafted over in a Dream.

Henry.

* See Letter CCCCLXXII. second Paragraph.

LETTER

LETTER DXLIII.

Statu quo.

I AM tired of talking of the *Wind*, and since it won't *shift* for us, let us, at least, shift the Expression, and say, that a *Monsoon* still opposes my Passage over to Ireland. I would take a House here, *sante cardine*, but that the Concours of *Emigrants* in this Place, at present, would make the Rent too high for me.

I have neither Books nor Society here, except the Members of our Ordinary, so that I pass all my Mornings in walking, and Contemplation. This *Matinée* I shall dedicate to you. But as I have no Letter of your's to answer, and that all Family Subjects are already exhausted between us, I can only go on, as I have done, this Week past, by suffering Reflections to arise in my Mind, as they may naturally occur, of their own Accord, and writing them down as they succeed each other, without Selection, Assortment, or Connection.

The Man who lives *a la Bagatelle*, constantly enjoys the *present* World, while the Philosopher lives only to the *past* and *future*.

A Fool can laugh with Reason; but he is a wise man who smiles without a Cause.

A Fool may be made *glad*, but never *happy*.

Hic, hæc, et hoc fœlix. It is one of the Absurdities of Grammar, to give a Neuter Gender to the Epithet of *Happy*. But this Distinction, may be made Use of, in Life. Persons of Apathy, Insensibility, or Stupidity, let them be in Possession of all the *hic* or *hæc* Felicity in the World, can be only deemed *hoc Fœlix's*; as it requires high and quick Relishes for Enjoyment. Happiness can only be imputed to them, as it is sometimes to a House, which we say is *happily* situated.

It is a great Imperfection in our Language, that *shameless* and *shameful* should be accepted in the same Sense.

Custom, the universal Tyrant, reigns more arbitrarily than any Power on Earth; because it not only guides our Actions, but misguides our Minds. Son of Ignorance, and Father of Prejudice.

Shewy Parts seldom denote any great Solidity. When I see a Person of this Character, it puts me in Mind of the Irish Cutler's Blunder, who, to prove that the Knife had an Edge, said, *you could see it.*

Every Man is fond of making Friends; the best Economy for this Purpose, is to reconcile
our

our Enemies to us; for one *against*, imputed for in political Arithmetic is accounted two.

Fame is a very desirable Acquisition, during Life, because it brings many Pleasures and Advantages along with it. But of all the Vanities of Mankind, a Passion for continuing it after Death, appears to me most vain. For then, *Quid est fama? Vox, et præterea nihil.*

He who said that Virtue need not be seen, to be adored, expressed himself but faintly. I say she must be felt.

Innate Ideas make us *sensible* of Virtue; Reason only makes us *capable* of it.

To exercise all the Virtues, is to be a perfect Epicure. Temperance gives us the full Enjoyment, even of all sensual Appetites. Forgiveness of Injuries is a greater Pleasure than Revenge, because a Conquest over ourselves, is an higher Triumph than one over others.

Moral Philosophy is the *Business*, all other Sciences but the *Amusements*, of Life.

I would have Laws mild, but executed with the utmost Strictness; so that Humanity and Justice might go Hand in Hand together.

I am not for severe Executions, for 'tis not the Criminal, but Human Nature, that suffers. Death alone is sufficient to remove the Offender.

To

To increase Knowledge, without enlarging the Heart, is but a poor Effect of Literature. A liberal Education, without a liberal Mind, can only accomplish a Dancing-Master; give him *the outward and visible Sign*, but not *the inward and spiritual Grace*, of a Gentleman.

Bellower is a Corruption of the French Word *Balayeur*, which signifies an Officer that removes Nuisances in a Parish.

I never knew the Derivation of the Saying that such a Person *bears the Belle*, 'till I met with the French Substantive *Bel'e*, lately, which signifies the highest Trump, at Cards.

They who rage at the Folly, or Absurdity, of another, seem to justify their Fault, by their own Example.

A Prude is a Woman who makes quick Application of loose Ideas.

Men should never solicit certain Appetites, but with *Heartily*, in the Old Batchelor, "think it
" Time enough to be lewd, when they have had
" the Temptation." By which Temperance, the wise Œconomy of Nature would be preserved, and our passions gradually decrease with our Powers. But the provoking our Appetites, gives an Habit of Desire, without Ability; which of-

ten

ten renders Old Age scandalous, and is an Earnest of the Misery of the Damned.

There would not be half the Vice in the World, that there is, if People strictly followed their own Inclinations. But they frequently submit to others, follow Vogue, and forestal Desire. I have known many a Man stay at a Tavern, several Hours after he wished to be in Bed; and go to a Brothel, when he would rather have lain alone.

The irresolute Man is often damned for other People's Vices. — The Principal is hanged for a Knave, but the Accomplice for a Fool.

This last Sentence sounds to me as if I had said it somewhere before. — I cannot recollect. No Matter — 'Tis no Plagiarism to steal from one's self.

I make an Allowance for the Follies of Youth, and have Compassion toward the Weakness of Age. But I have neither Indulgence, or Pity, for the Absurdities of the middle Term of Life; because they have no Genuineness in them, and are generally compounded of the Giddiness of the first Stage, and the Foibles of the latter.

Mr. Hume, in one of his Essays, says, that the French Word *Naiveté*, is a Term much wanted in the English Language. I think that there

there is no Sense, in which it can be applied, where either the Words *Genuineness*, or *Ingeniousness*, will not answer.

A Satyrift is like the Bee, a Lampooner like the Wasp.

The Preceptor's Rod, like the Sting of a Bee, repays the Wound with Honey.

I am called to Dinner. Adieu for an Hour.

Bad Meat and ill dressed. But the proper Grace to say before such a Meal, is, to thank God that we have Food, upon any Terms. There was the Mate of an India Ship with us, who seemed to be of a different Opinion, for his Grace was an Oath, and all his Food was Drink.

I find myself still in the same Habit of Reflection, so I shall continue, and eke out my *Matinée* with a *Soi-ée*, for you.

The heroic Actions of the Ancients, being so highly extolled by their Historians, gives me but a slight Opinion of the Virtue of those Times. *Scipio and the Captive*. I do not think there is any Thing very extraordinary in this Story, and what is more, I never did. Scipio was not a Savage. *The Horatii et Curiatii* — Three Men from each Nation, stepped forth as Champions for their Country. In a War with France, To-morrow, should an Herald propose the same Conditions to terminate the Strife, I dare say that

that above three hundred Volunteers would spring forward, from both the French and English Armies, to fight in such a Cause. *Decius.* — He devoted himself to Death. Let us only suppose him to be a Madman, and we hear of as brave English and French Men every Day. The Principle makes no Difference in the Spirit, though it does in the Virtue of an Action.

Our Passions often cease, for some Time, before we are sensible of it ourselves; for from the Force of Habit they seem still to flow, like the Tide, at Ebb.

In every Question of Importance, where Reasons appear equal on different Sides, the safest Measure is to avoid that Course, which you find yourself most inclined to; lest your Affections should have slipped into that Scale, and given only a seeming Equality to the Balance.

The real Qualities of Matters are the Sense, but Beauty is the Wit of Nature.

An Enemy is an indirect Friend.

That Posterity may bless us, should be one of the Staves of the Litany.

Our

Our Passions should not be like Birds of the Air, nor like Birds of the Cage; but like Hawks, subject to be whistled off, and lured back again.

Take a Person by their Foible, and you hold them surer than by their Fort.

To class Men, in Life, according to their Titles, Fortunes, &c, is as absurd as to arrange a Library according to the Rank of the Authors. Sense, Learning, Probity, and Honour, are the only just, because the only natural Distinctions. Yes, you may add Wit and Beauty to them. There is a just Moral implied in the Titles of the Roman Emperors, where *optimus* is always placed before *maximus*.

Persons obliged beyond the Power of a Return, become ungrateful.

There is a false Opinion which has prevailed too long in the World, that none but Blockheads are fit for Business. This is not the first Mistake that was invented by Fools, and afterwards obtained Credit with the Wise.

The best Method of keeping a Secret, is to tell half the Truth.

There is nothing that People are so grateful for, as Advice; for all the While they are receiving it, they are canvassing the Adviser's Character or Conduct, to find out something to reprimand in their Turn.

Knowledge

Knowledge and Pleasure are synonymous Terms. — As Pleasure is the most natural Temptation, we find that the first Motion of it was directed to the Tree of Knowledge. Variety gives a Zest to Pleasure; but here the Changes are soon exhausted. Knowledge alone has the peculiar Charm of being ever new.

'Tis difficult to know the true Characters of Men. Some are honest out of Spirit, who would not be so from Principle.

Men's Natures may be judged from their Faults. The Errors of a good Heart are always the Excesses of Virtues; those of a mean Mind, the Defects of them.

Death is not the Tyrant, but the Prerogative of Life.

Most People would do more to support another's Fortune, than to relieve their Indigence.

I have known plebeian Peers, and right honourable Taylors.

Learning, without Reflection, is like sowing Grain, without tilling the Soil.

If the Sun was to move round the Earth, as it does in Appearance, it must, upon calculating the *Radius* of it's Distance, go at the Rate of 5,480 Miles, in a Second.

If I were to frame a Dictionary, I would leave out the Gothic Phrase of *Outrageous*, and put the

the French Word *orageous*, tempestuous, in [it's Place.

I would also introduce the Word *Nimiety*, from *Nimietas*, Redundancy.

What Time is a poetical Expression for *when*.

To defer to, is an Expression of Mr. *Locke's*, for giving a Preference.

Spirits in Youth, and Habit in Age, render Poverty tolerable throughout. And 'tis as weak to pity Persons in such a Circumstance, as the Beasts of the Field, except in Cases of real Want. If one can pass by their wretched Ignorance, I think that Compassion is misplaced upon their Dunghills, and their Rags.

There are only two Duties recommended to us in our Catechism ; but most People seem to have formed a Third, namely, one towards themselves, which too often supercedes them both.

Book Manners, like Book Muslin, are more for Shew than Use. The Morals which are fit for Service, though they take their West from the Schools, must have their Warp from the World. For the Sun itself, though the Rule of our Time, requires an *Equation Table*.

Men seem to think of Life, as they do of Watches, that to live fast is to gain Time. — And the Contrary.

Sir

Sir William Temple says, very happily, that Temperance is a Virtue without Pride, and a Fortune without Envy.

Sleeping long cannot so properly be said to be the Enjoyment of a Pleasure, as the Want of Resolution to enjoy one.

Les petites Morales. The French *Morals* are like their Plate; they appear as well as *Sterling*, but have not the Value.

Beauty grows familiar, and Homeliness wears off.

Scaliger calls Lucian the Cerberus of the Muses. I think that Swift might also be styled so. Boerhaave drew a very just Characteristic of Swift, whom he styled *Homo heteroclitici ingenii*.

Marcus Aurelius said that he had learned from Apollonius the Art of receiving Favours, without becoming either *ungrateful*, or *obliged*. There is a great Refinement in this Sentiment, but it requires a Comment. I shall leave you to make it.

It always provokes me to hear *Magna Charta* quoted as the Foundation of our Liberties. Is not Nature our Charter, and Birth our Title to it? Is it not our *inherent* Right, and shall Lawyers or Politicians dare to speak of it merely as a Concession? Did Kings grant Liberty, or the People give Prerogative?

I am

I am weary of Conjectures. — Sleep must end them.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER DXLIV.

Holyhead.

ASOUTH Briton still. I walk along the Shore, every Morning, sometimes looking at the Sea, like *Xerxes*, in a Rage, sometimes contemplating it, like *Aristotle, en Philophe*. But indeed the Weatherwise of this Port speak so despondingly about the Matter, that I believe we must not expect to fail, 'till *Charon's* Boat comes for us. One Passenger went off in it last Night; and I see two or three more stalking towards the same Ferry, at present. Bad Meat, worse Drink, ill lying, and fretting, are mortal Distempers.

What vexes me most, is to have your Letters pass constantly by, before my Face, and yet not be able to lay my Eyes upon them; for I lodge at the Post-House, and see the Office full of Irish Mails, which I am more tempted to rob, than
any

any Highwayman, for there is a Love, stronger than that of Money. This doubles my Impatience to get to Dublin, that I may have the Pleasure of reading a Dozen of your Letters at once.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER DXLV.

THE Wind in the same Point still, but rising greatly, blowing *a Fresh*, as I think the Sailors call it, which, they say, is a general Sign of it's Beginning to change. Like enough. Sullenness is longer-lived than Passion.

I am just come up from the Shore, which I left masqueraded with People, I believe, from every Nation of the Earth, waiting for a Passage to Ireland. I stood contemplating the Harlequin Groupe, a considerable Time. The different Features of the Asians, Africans, Americans, and Europeans, was Matter of great Speculation to me; but the Difference between Homeliness and Beauty was still greater.

Deformity

Deformity may be accounted for. 'Tis owing to Accident, and may be traced up to it's Contingency ; therefore, rare ; while Straightness and Proportion are general, because natural. But the Reverse of this is remarkable in the other Subject. Beauty is rare, and Homeliness general. And why ? What Need of such Œconomy in Providence ? Are handsome Features more expensive than ugly ones ? A fair Skin than a brown, auburn Hair than red, black Eyes than grey ? There is Room for great Speculation here, but not Time for it, I hope, at present ; for methinks I hear the Boatswain's Whistle. Charming Note !

Yesterday I called in at Mrs. Arthur's to see a Gentleman, and, among the scribbling upon the Glass and Walls, I met with my Lines upon the unfortunate Death of the late Lady Moleworth, with Lord B— n's Name under them.

I was surprized, at first, but recollecting that his Lordship had never been that Way, since the shocking Accident which was the Subject of that Epitaph, I suppose that he might have been struck with it, as he had a sincere affection for her, and upon pointing out the Lines which were anonymous in the News-paper, some Person or other might have supposed his Lordship the Author.

I took

I took no Notice of this Matter, but what
pass'd in my own Mind, and left the Signature
uncancelled.

I am summoned by Wind and Tide.

Adieu!

Henry.

**An EPITAPH for LADY MOLESWORTH, who
was burned to Death by an accidental Fire, in
her own House.**

A peerless Matron, Pride of female Life,
In every State, as Widow, Maid, or Wife,
Who, wedded to Threescore, preserv'd her
Fame,
She liv'd a Phoenix, and expir'd in Flame.

LETTER DXLVI.

Dear HARRY,

I AM extremely concerned at the Delay you have met with at the *Head*. I look upon every Hour one spends, in such a Circumstance, to be so much taken out of their Life; for Time goes on without Use, or Account, and might as well not be.

However, I know nobody less to be pitied, than you, in such Situations. Your writing and Reflexions draw a Veil between Time and you, and suffer him to glide by unnoticed. One great Coadjutor though is wanting to you, at present, I perceive, namely, Books. But is there not a Proverb, I forget the Latin of it, that says, When one cannot find a Way, they should make one? So it is with you, in this Case, for the less you read, the more you write. Your Letters are always shortest from a Library.

But though I confess myself much entertained with your present Correspondence, I would much rather hear you complaining of the Dirt and Noise at the Robin Hood Inn, in Dame-street, than read all your Ingenuity about the Mountains and Monuments in Wales.

I shall

I shall continue to be extremely *uneasy*, 'till I receive a Letter from you from Dublin, or rather *impatient*, — for the Weather has been, and still is, so very mild, that my Apprehensions are not so very urgent, about your Safety, as they would naturally be, at this late Season of the Year. Your Passage must rather have been tedious than dangerous.

How like an Idiot am I talking! I speak favourably of a Wind, that has been all the while against you. However, I am right again, for there has been so little of it, that I should imagine, being no Sailor, you might have *tided* it over.

Every Happiness *betide* you. Is that a Pun? I did not mean it, but my Superstition will not suffer me to alter the Expression, for fear of hurting the Prayer.

Adieu!

Frances.

LETTER DXLVII.

I STILL receive Letters from you from Holyhead, and am almost tempted to write to you there, instead of suffering mine to pass you by, as they do, *postly*, at present.

Your Stromatics amused me greatly. This and Essay-writing are a pure lazy *Manner*, for I can hardly call it *Method*, for People of a certain Character, which though very common in Life, have always appeared to me a Contradiction in Nature, Persons of Genius, without Application; of lively Imaginations, with indolent Minds.

I have not been well, these three Days. I have got a sore Throat, not an hysterical one. This has confined me at Home; and, as I am in a State that all my Friends, not knowing of my being ill, would expect me to be constantly abroad, I am left intirely alone. But I keep up my Spirits, by the Thought that Mr. W——'s Opinion is ultimately to determine my Affair in a few Days. I shall then more ardently wish for your Presence, even than my Illness and Solitude tempt me to do, at present; for Happiness

or

or Pleasure I can only be said to *suffer*, not *enjoy* without you.

Adieu! I flatter myself but for a little While.

Frances.

LETTER DXLVIII.

I THINK this Letter must meet you in Dublin, for I have kept a Journal of the Weather, these ten Days past; that is, I have sent constantly down to the Water-side to inquire the Points of the Wind, and believe that you must have made your Passage on Sunday Morning last.

The elegant Present of China which you had ordered Home to me, it seems, the Morning you left London, and which you were too polite to mention in any of your Letters since, was brought to me but Yesterday Morning. What occasioned the Delay, I never troubled myself to inquire, being too much taken up with the Gallantry of the Card which accompanied it. I declare it was enough to hurt my Character. — Consider the plain Hands it must have passed

M 3

through,

through, and then think whether it could ever be imagined to have come from an Husband?

Indeed, my Love, I feel myself often distressed by too much Kindness. What a pleasing and uncommon Pain! Why will you not leave me some little Merit, in loving you as I do, with the utmost tenderness? My Affection, though warmed and refined as it is, to the utmost Perfection of Passion and Sentiment, can only be deemed by me, the bare Payment of a Debt, and not a Gift-offering to Love. But since your Generosity has deprived me of the Power, your Justice, I hope, will accept the Will.

Some new Difficulty has arisen, in my Affair, since last Post. I shall not tell you what it is, 'till I shall be able at the same Time, I hope, to tell you that it has been got over. But at all Events you have furnished me already with an Antidote to every Disappointment in Life. I need but think of you, and be happy. May my dear Harry be ever so, most devoutly prays his fondly affectionate Wife,

Frances.

LETTER

LETTER DXLIX.

Dublin.

My dear PANEGYRIST,

I RECEIVED your too kind and flattering Letter last Post. I shewed it to Mrs. B —. She is my select *Confidante* upon these Occasions. The Expression is not unapt, for the Tenderness and Politeness of our Loves have absolutely refined Matrimony in Amour between us. She said I must either have a very strong Head, or a very stupid one, to trudge about the Streets as I do, like a Person of no Note or Consequence in Life, while I receive such *Apotheoses* every Post. She vows, that if such Incense was lighted up to her, she would immediately assume an august State to herself, sequester her Person from public View, and admit Levee's but once a Month.

I am, within these three Days, recovering Spirits and Appetite, after my fatiguing and disagreeable Journey, Delay, and Voyage. Such *Dublin Bay Herrings* were never seen before. You have nothing like them in London. There never was a Fluke deserved a crooked Mouth more than I have done *. What a Rejuvenescence

* This alludes to a ridiculous Story that was told in Company the first Time they met together.

springs up in my Veins, upon the Occurrence of this Expression! *Memory, like Lightning, shot quick through every Interval of Bliss.* 'Tis certain that we shall never be as young again, as when we first fondly fooled together. There's an Alliteration of three F's for you. — But, I think it is as certain, that there is a Richness in our Loves, resembling generous Wines, the Spirit purer as the Dregs increase.

To-morrow we go down to our Election. I told you, last Post, that your Mother and Children were well, and this must satisfy us, for the present, as it will not be in my Power to call to see them, 'till my Return.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER

L E T T E R D L.

I HEARTILY congratulate you, and, notwithstanding your usual Despondence, I am already in Possession for you, of my principal Wish, in those Matters; to have your Writings approved. Approbation and Success, you say, are different Things. — True — But one is Honour, the other only Money. But what signifies this Stoical Declamation to you, whose rational, therefore non-heroical, Sentiment, upon the Subject, I know to be this: *Fame and Profit may be compared to a gilded Counter, and a Guinea: — The first glitters most, but the latter is One and Twenty Shillings.*

To-day the Election was held, and both Sides as usual, sing *Te Deum*. This is rather ridiculous, than otherwise. 'Tis like the Childrens Play, of *Draw Gloves*, or *King I am*. And the Service of the *Men*, upon these Occasions too, is pretty much the same. *A little for themselves, and nothing at all for you.*

To-morrow I shall set out for Portarlington; stay two Days there only, and thence proceed to Dublin. After I shall have waited upon Lord D——, my Time will then be my own, and

M 5

I shall

I shall think it *Eternity*, 'till I can spend it with you.

I have got a little Cold, to keep Company with your sore Throat. We must all expect a *Seasoning*, upon Change of Weather, which is, in Effect, a Change of Climate. The earlier one gets it, the better. — 'Tis safer than when it becomes epidemical. Mine, indeed, was contracted oddly enough. It was owing to my *not* shaving my Head. 'Tis a Paradox, both inside and out. But as my Hair grew long, it became soft and smooth; and my Wig, consequently, was always slipping back.

Mrs. B — came over here, Yesterday. She looks well, after her late Illness, and is, *a la Coutume*, in admirable Spirits. She says she loves and longs for you. This Family send their Compliments and good Wishes to you.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER

LETTER DLII.

I SPENT Tuesday and Wednesday at Portarlington; with your dear Children, and left them both extremely well. Harry is the same careless, well-disposed Boy, as usual; and Fanchon is greatly improved in Apprehension and Manners. She said two or three Things to me which put me so much in Mind of you, that my Heart gave a loud Throb, and opened the Door of it, to receive her in, for ever. She is, indeed, your own Child, and I have the Joy of feeling for her as such, which I confess I had never done before. You know my Way. It was two Years before I felt a Father's Fondness for Harry. You remember my Argument upon this Subject, many Years ago *. I have no voluntary Affections, but for Mankind, in general. Individuals must win, and may then wear them, for Life; unless they themselves shall chuse to cast them off.

Your Mother was not there, but I found her here, and she is in perfect Health, also. Her Make, and the Gaiety of her Manner, help to preserve an Appearance of Youth, still, in her grand Climacteric. She talks of going over with

* Letter CXXXVII. second Edition.

me, to see you and her own Country, once more ; and I am very certain, that if it was Summer, she would do so.

I have kept this Letter open 'till past Eleven at Night waiting for four Pacquets, which are happily arrived this Moment ; and I have just had the Pleasure of reading four extreme pretty Letters from you. Give me Leave to congratulate you, again, upon the same Subject. I shall sail with the first Chester Ship. I cannot be easy in my Mind, 'till I am with you ; and though I have not yet been able to finish my Business ; here, I will forego every Consideration, for the Love and Obligation I owe you, I had nearly wrote *Duty*. But that is a Moral which has never yet been admitted into our System.

Adieu ! but continue to write to me, 'till you hear I am landed, for the Weather is uncertain, and I am constant.

Henry.

LETTER

LETTER DLII.

Dear HARRY,

MY Cold continued very severe till Yesterday, though I did not repeat any Account of it to you; but the Receipt of your two last Letters, where you speak of my Children, and of your returning to me, have availed more toward my Recovery than the whole Materia Medica. I am much better, but still weak, both in Body and Mind. My Disorder fell heavily upon my Spirits, which you know are never very heroic.

Your Account of Fançon, has given me vast Pleasure. I dare say she will never forfeit the Place you have given her in your Affections. I earnestly long to feel the same delightful Sensations for her, which it is impossible to do, without knowing her.

You have expressed my Sentiments, with Regard to Fame, very justly. I certainly never was designed for an Author. In Truth, I want most of the principal Qualifications, but am remarkably deficient in Vanity; for, I declare that I never received any Manner of Pleasure from the Merits which have been imputed to my slight Writings, except in the Applause that your partial

tial Kindness has lavished on them; and there my Transport arose from a sonder Sentiment even than Vanity.

But in Reality, the unsurmountable Bashfulness, call it *mauvaise Honte*, if you will, that I have always had, about the Character of a female Author, were sufficient to have damped a tenfold more scribbling Ardor than ever I was possessed with. And I declare that I would, at any Time of my Life, upon Security for the Profits, have given the Name of any, or all my Writings, to my Maid, rather than have worn the Brand myself. And I dare say, that this would have answered much better for me, too, for *Duck* was pensioned, while *Gay* was left to starve. "Say, " sage *Montaigne*, or still more sage *Charron*," from what Principle in human Nature; such a Partiality should arise?

I wish you Joy of the Election's being over. The Farce you mention has been acted there these seven Years past, to my certain Knowledge, and sad Experience, for though 'tis Play to them, — Well — I wont make you angry. — I expect you with a new Impatience.

Adieu!

Francis.

LETTER

LETTER DEIII.

FRANCES to HARRY.

I SIT down to write to you, this Post, with twice the Spirit I did the last, from the fond Hope that you will not receive my Letter; however, I should be very sorry you were on any Part of your Journey, at this present Writing, for the Fog is so great, that it would be impossible for you to find your Way, by Land or, or by Water. It is now Twelve o'Clock at Noon, and I can scarce see to write, though I am seated by the Window. But this does not convey the Idea I intend, so strongly as I mean it, to you, who have complained that my Lilliputian Type would put you to the Expence of Spectacles before your Time.

This Weather will confine me, at Home, longer than I purposed, for I have not yet ventured out, since my Illness. But I am not left so much alone, as I was at the Beginning, for my Friends have found the Way to come and see me frequently of late. I mean my male Friends only; for I can't say much of my female ones. Neither S—— nor V—— have been near me, and P—— called here but once, since you left me.

Mrs.

Mrs. N—— was a constant Visitor, indeed, but has given me Reason since, to be very sorry that she was not as shy of a Fever, as the rest of my Gossips appeared to be; for she happened one Day to spy a Copy of the Work, at present in Agitation, lying on my Table, and without any further Authority than this, and in Violation of the sacred Laws of Hospitality and Friendship, published it in several Places; but particularly at Mr. L——'s, from which Quarter, you know, I had Reasons for concealing myself, 'till a certain Time.

It is amazing to me in what Fold of the Heart such Meanness as this can lurk. Passions are natural, and even the Vices, which are the Consequence of their Excess, may also be accounted for. — Some immediate, or apparent Good, is intended, or enjoyed. But to injure, or betray another Person, without any Prospect, or even the Design, of the least Manner of Advantage to one's self, is, if I may so express it, a very *Weed* of Vice.

This Person, 'tis true, has not very strict Notions of Religion, but then she has the whole Ritual of the Heathen Ethics, at her *Fingers' Ends*. I had like to have said, *by Heart*. But

the:

the first Expression is the only just one, for I am much afraid she keeps them *at Arm's Length*, from the latter.

Adieu!

Frances.

LETTER DLIV.

FRANCES to HENRY.

I HAVE received no Letter from you these three Posts. I want no Affidavit to assure me that the Wind is against the Pacquets' coming from Ireland.

Nothing new has occurred in my Business, since I wrote last to you; therefore as no fresh Matter has arisen, either to rejoice or mourn at, I shall proceed, as usual, in all indifferent Cases, to amuse *myself*, I had like to have said *you*, with such Reflections and Observations, as the Subjects and Circumstances, I occasionally meet with, may give Rise to.

I have been reading, this Morning, a Treatise styled, *A comparative View of the State and Faculties of Man, with the animal World*; and in one Passage
of

of it, Page 58, the Author publishes the Sentiment, " Thus we have endeavoured to point out
 " the Effects, which the Faculty of Reason, that
 " boasted Characteristic of the human Species,
 " produces, among those who possess it in the
 " most eminent Degree; and, from the little
 " Influence it seems to have in promoting ei-
 " ther public, or private Good, we are tempted
 " to suspect that Providence, purposely, blasts
 " those great Fruits we naturally expect from it
 " in order to preserve a certain Balance and
 " Equality among Mankind."

Is it possible to conceive a Thought more unphilosophic and prophane than this? Is not an Atheist, if there ever was such a Blockhead in the the World, infinitely more pardonable than such a Believer? *The Fool that saith in his Heart, There is no God*, affronts only common Sense; but he who believes a God, unworthy of his Nature, affronts the Deity.

Either God endows some Persons with superior Talents, in order to *blast* them; or they slip through his Fingers, unawares; and, as soon as he finds them out, he opposes his Omnipotence to render them ineffectual. Take the Idea which Way you will, and reflect upon it. For my Part, such prophane Darings, as these, not only astonish, but make me tremble, at their Impiety.

Is

Is this Madness, or Folly? I send you an Epigram of J. J. Rousseau's, in Answer to this Question.

Toute le monde est plein de Fals,

Celui qui ne veut en voir,

Doit demeurer tout seul,

Et casser son miroir.

Adieu!

Frances

LETTER DLV.

HENRY to FRANCES.

IRCEIVED three Letters from you, this Week, and should have replied as often, but that I knew the Pacquet could not go out. I doubt whether they can fail To-night, but to doubt, is to be certain.

I am glad to hear you have got the better of your Cold, and intreat that you will be careful of yourself; for this Weather is unnatural, and one does not know well how to deal with it. 'Tis too open for the Season, and Colds of all Kinds abound. 'Tis pleasant, but dangerous

Triglyph

Triglyph would compare it to the Joys of illicit Love, where the Pleasure is damped by the Hazard.

As for my Part, I watch every Circumstance, with Regard to my own Health, and am so much afraid of my Cholic returning on me, before I set out, that I sit at Table, like a Tyrant, afraid of being poisoned at my Meals. In fine, I am become a very *Pedro Pezzio*, to myself, and am almost tempted, like *Sancho*, to abdicate, and fly to my *Dulcinea*; who, though she might not grant me greater Indulgence than I permit myself, would certainly o'er-pay my Abstinence, if Heaven, as Ascetics hold, is to be won by fasting.

I am vexed at the Story you tell me of Mrs. N——; your styling her Behaviour, in that Instance, a *Weed of Vice*, is a happy Expression. Hell reaps *Tares* in it's Harvests, as well as Heaven; and I always thought that there were more silly Devils, than wicked ones. This must be true, in a double Sense, according to an *Adage* of mine; for I think I have somewhere said, or meant to say, that *all Knaves are Fools in the first Instance, and Knaves only in the second.*

I have received Rousseau's Sarcasms on Mankind. The Turn of it has too much of the Quaintness of modern Epigram in it; but the Subject

Subject of it consorts well enough with my last Paragraph; though I do not mean to carry my Reflections so far. I am far from a *Misanthrope*, for if I did not love human Nature so well, I should not hate it so much.

Adieu! and believe me to be,

My dear Fanny's disconsolate Exile,

Henry.

P. S. I have bought your Snuff, but impatient of my Delay, I send you some of it inclosed.

LETTER DLVI.

FRANCES to HENRY.

YOUR polite and affectionate Letter, of last Post, has, like a Cordial, healed the Pain that your missing the one before had occasioned. I declare, that the Pleasure I receive from your Letters encreases with my Years, and I really begin to think with

I am

I am sorry, however, that our Love and Constancy should appear singular. I sincerely wish the Happiness of all Mankind, but triumph in our own. The Gold of *Ophir* could not have been more welcome to me than your Pinch of Snuff. *Les petits Soins* are the surest Emanations of a real Love. Small Things are often the best Signs of great ones. *Biography* shews the Heroe more than History; a pious Ejaculation has more true Devotion than public Worship; and a Gift betokens more Kindness than a Legacy. But your Attention to your Health is, of all Proofs, the strongest, of your Regard to my Happiness. Go on, and prosper.

Your Complaint about the Warmth of the Weather, came to my Hands, last Night, when they were so frozen, that I could scarce hold the Letter, but the charming Glow which arose from reading it, would have thawed all the Ice in the Park, which is, I believe, eight or ten Inches thick. Our Climate is both warmer, and keener, than your's, but we have the Extremes in their proper Seasons, while you have frequently cold Summers, and open Winters. I received a Letter from Mrs. B—— at the same Time of your's, but she must wait 'till a Thaw, for an Answer.

You

You are at your *Triglyph* Strokes again, but I like you better in your Andrew's Character, and think it becomes you better, too. You make so much more advantageous a Figure when you are polite, than arch. — The next Paragraph in your Letter made this Contrast appear more strongly.

I am grown a perfect Gadder, since I have got the better of my Cold. But you are to blame for it. The kind and flattering Things you say to me, raise my Spirits, and I am almost tempted to think myself young and agreeable.

Adieu!

Frances.

LETTER

LETTER DLVII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

MR. C—— wrote to you last Post, which prevented me, as he had mentioned to you the Rub, which had thrown me out of my Bias towards you, or else I should have been at Sea last Night, which I have had a lucky Escape of; for the Spirits of the Air were for many Hours at high Words, together, which came, at length, to Blows, and they were throwing rooted Trees, and Stacks of Chimnies, at each others' Heads, 'till Morning.

This Storm may probably have driven the Pacquet out of it's Course, for it has not yet arrived, therefore I take this Opportunity of writing to my dear and only Correspondent, not to fulfil my Duty but my Love.

Pray alter one Line, in the Prologue I sent you last Post. Read it thus,

*Nor injur'd Maiden, nor a faithless Wife,
Impure our Fable; —*

For I don't like *nor no*, because it sounds like two Negatives, which seem to affirm, rather than deny. Though *nor* is not a Negative, in that Passage, but only a *Conjunction Disjunctive*—A strange Phrase.—However, 'tis always better to obviate than defend by Objection. I have

I have bought the _____ for Mr. W_____,
and shall carry it over, myself, for I hope to be
in London sooner than any one I know going
there. The latter End of this Week, at farthest,
my Difficulty will be got the better of, and then
pray send my a favourable Gale to waft me over,
for 'tis but *Whistle, and I'll come to thee, my Lass.*

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER DLVIII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

I HAVE received a Letter from you, at last,
after the Omission of two Posts. Thank God,
you are safe, but I find I had some Reason, un-
knowing, for the Uneasiness I felt at this Delay.
I strove to account for it, by supposing you had
gone down to *Sunning*, but though this was plau-
sible, it did not satisfy me. I felt unhappy, but,
I don't know how, the Sensation was not quite
unpleasant. True Love is ever anxious, and
there is, undoubtedly, more Pleasure in Fond-
ness than Philosophy.

I am pleased with your little Parody on *I prithee make Haste, and away, my Love, &c.* because it shewed you to be in Spirits. — J'aime la badinage, when it is not a Character, but the waving of one.

I have seen the Essay you mention, and think of it as you do. 'Tis plaguy husk; the Style affected, and the Expression harsh. I never thought him a good Writer, either in Sentiment, or Language, his ——— excepted. His Writings may be compared to Iron; strong, cold, hard, and heavy; according to the following Order; his Language, Sentiment, Moral, and Narrative. When I meet with cold Thoughts, which one often does, in polished Language, I think of Ice preserved in Oil, which Rabelais says will do it as well as Straw.

And so, Madam Flirt, your Ruelle is constantly attended by the *beaux Esprits* of the Age. Not a Woman there, but Mrs. B ——— who is neither Male, or Female. — This is the Account that your good Friend Mr. B ——— has brought fresh from London:

“ Penelope, her Lord away,
 “ Gave amorous Audiences all Day;
 “ Yet this is she whom Poets name
 “ Pattern of Chastity and Fame.”

VI. 10 Pray

Pray put my *Bow* into the Hands of these Galants, as *Pen's* Suitors were tried with that of Ulysses, and see what Hand they'll be able to make of it, even if you should let them have the Fiddle also.

Tom H——, that constant Hunter of all public Places, has, at length, retired from the World, on Saturday Morning, and was buried this Day.

I expect, every Hour, to be at Liberty to step on Board but as that Circumstance depends upon others, I can say no more, at present, but *adieu*, my Life.

Henry.

"Joy is an Import. Joy is an Exchange.
"It this Monopolist, it calls for two."

You call me a Flirt—I deny the Charge;
I have lost the Reason to be
vain of the uncommon Attention, which my few
male Acquaintance have paid me since you left
London;

N² LETTER

LETTER DLIX.

Dear HARRY,

I RECEIVED your kind Letter — which of them? It was no new Disorder that attacked me, but the scattered Forces of my former, that the Change of Weather had rallied together against me; but one Gleam of Sun-shine dispersed them again, and I shall take Care to fortify myself before the next Fog.

I am vexed, as a Thing of Course, at your not being able to come over, and yet I have an odd Kind of Sentiment about it, at the same Time. My Affair here is doubtful. An hundred Blanks to a Prize, at least. Should it fail, I would chuse to have you away. — There is no natural Monopoly, but that of Grief. But then, again, if it should succeed, how much should I want you!

“ Joy is an Import, Joy is an Exchange,
“ It flies Monopolists, it calls for two.”

You call me a Flirt — I deny the Charge; but I confess that I have some little Reason to be vain of the uncommon Attention, which my few male Acquaintance have paid me since you left London;

London; and I begin seriously to think, of late, that a little Understanding, and good Breeding, may be of Service to a Woman past Five and Twenty, though I positively deny their being of the least Use to her before that Age. This is true Philosophy. Providence is the great Oeconomist; it never employs more Means than are necessary to accomplish one End, and the Lord knows that Youth and Beauty, alone, are sufficient to make Fools of the Wisest of you.

Why don't you say something of my Mother and Children? You must hear oftner of them than I can.

Adieu!

Frances.

N³

LETTER

LETTER DLX.

Dear HARRY,

THERE has not arrived any Irish Mail, by this Post. I hope the first will sail with you. However,—if this Letter should meet you in Dublin, I desire the Favour of you to inclose the little Thing you sent to the Chronicle, while the Affair of Lord G—S— was depending. You may easily guess whom it is for. Mr. V—, who is a zealous Client to that Family, was here, this Morning, and happening to touch upon the Subject, I mentioned this Writing to him, which, it seems, he had never seen before. I mentioned it not, by any Means, to shew your Wit, but your Virtue; and he agreed with me that it was a noble Instance of Generosity, in you, to enter a Volunteer in Defence of a Man, who was the very Person that gave the first Shock to your Fortunes. But what we both of us admired most, in this Business, was your keeping yourself concealed, and scorning to make a Merit of your Benevolence.

In order to imitate you, as far as in my Power, I told him a Story, greatly to his Lordship's Advantage, in order to do him the Justice which the humane Mind must have owed to him upon
that

that Occasion. I don't know whether you remember it. There was a Mail robbed, to delay a Writ of Election, in which he was deeply and politically concerned; but when the Account was brought to him, his first Anxiety was about a Reprieve that had been sent down by that Post to the Sheriff; upon which he immediately ran to the Office to get another made out, and dispatched an Express with it, before he ever troubled himself about the second Writ. I say that Man must be naturally brave; and none but a Coward can contradict my Philosophy. Mercy and Humanity never yet dwelt in a base Breast.

I supped, t'other Night, at —, and met Mr. — there. I don't like him. I fancy he thinks that Learning may be a Plea for Impertinence, and that because he knows more, he is, therefore, privileged to behave worse than others.

I was offered to be invited to spend some Evening, next Week, in Company with Mrs. S——; and I should like it well enough, if I was sure she would not know who I am; but I am afraid of her; she would certainly engage me in a Conversation, and I happen to have neither Spirits, nor Humour enough, to support such a *tête à tête*.

She has as many *Airs* in her as an *Opera*, and all her Speech is *recitative*. Upon these Considerations, I have declined the Interview.

I hope I am writing to nobody, and that this Letter will pass you by, on the Road.

Adieu!

Frances.

LETTER DLXI.

HENRY *to* FRANCES.

I RECEIVED your Letter, here, to your Disappointment, and my great Mortification. However, be assured, that though my Business is not done yet, nothing shall now detain me but the Wind, chusing rather to trust to that than Promises. I take my Passage in *Maculla*.

Little Master Jacky Thompson is returned from the West-Indies, a great big Man. He is a stupid odd-looking Fellow. His Face resembles a *Buff*, for all his Features are of one Colour, or rather of no Colour at all, and his Eyes have so little Speculation in them, that they might be likened to the Glass Windows of an empty Book-Case,—On

may

may fancy they see the Inside of his Scull, scraped clean, without one intervening Thought to interrupt the Vision.

We have no News here, but that Mr. —'s House is burned to the Ground. Some say it was Accident, others say Design, and dispute it warmly; but all Sides agree in one Particular — that the House is burned.

I send you the Paper you desire. The last Period is more of political than divine reasoning: however I picked it up in a Body of Divinity.

ON CENSURING UNHEARD.

There is a certain Malignity in human Nature, which I only just hint at, leaving it to Philosophers to account for, that prompts People to give Credit to the first unfavourable Report of others, to censure without Proof, and to condemn unheard. This *natural Tyranny* that Men have usurped over one another, is a severe Oppression, in many of the common Cases of Life; even where this Power cannot be extended to very dangerous or fatal Consequences; but a Man must be little read in History, who is not able to quote several Instances, of Persons, whose Characters, Fortunes, and Lives have

been sacrificed to an Injustice of this Kind. When the supposed Offence becomes a general Concern, the most perfect Innocence may not be sufficient to vindicate an imaginary Delinquent; and many unhappy Persons, who should have been acquitted by public Justice, have thus fallen Victims to popular Clamour.

These Thoughts have occurred to me, upon considering the Situation of a certain eminent Person, now labouring under the heavy Weight of national Obloquy; and one who has, in my Opinion, been too prematurely judged not only by the common Voice, but by some of the higher Powers, whose Ingenuoufness, Capacity, and Respect to their own Dignity, should have inspired with such Reflexions as these, instead of suffering them to bear criminal Testimony by *Implication*, and confirming the Prejudices of a People, by ministerial Censure *.

Character is more estimable than Life, because it's Duration is longer; and that, without this invaluable Support, Life is itself a Burden. But there is a peculiar Character still dearer to us than any other; namely, in Woman, Chastity, and Bravery in Man. In the Profession

* He was dismissed from all Employ, Civil and Military, before any Trial.

of a Soldier this latter becomes yet more characteristic; and how precious must that Reputation be, in which our Manhood, Honour, and our Duty, are in one conjoined. This Consideration is so powerful, that to it we sacrifice our Ease, our Pleasure, our Health, our Lives!

And shall this best interest in Life, this Respect beyond the Grave, this sweet Breath of Immortality, be wrested from us, without the fullest Proof, the fairest Tryal? This I may presume to deem an Act against the Laws of God and Man, never to be justified, even by a previous Consciousness of an Offender's Guilt. God perfectly knew our first Parent's Crime, yet condescended to expostulate with him, before Sentence; and Christ will sit in Judgment on Mankind, not for Information of their Sins, but to preserve even the outward Form of sacred Justice.

R. G.

LETTER DLXH.

HENRY to FRANCES.

I EXPECT a Summons from Maculla, the next Tide, but that Portion of Time, which is more peculiarly dedicated to you every Post, shall be now employed as usual.

When I was looking over my Papers, for the Writing you desired in your last Letter, I met with two others, in the same Strain of *officious Humanity*, upon Occasions where I had no other Concern, than that of general Benevolence. The Persons, even their Names, I was totally unacquainted with, 'till I heard of their Misfortunes.

There is something very delightful in a Turn of Mind of this Sort; the Pleasure rises even to Sensuality. I solemnly declare that I would readily submit to be the most wretched Man, now alive, on Condition that there should be no other Person in the World unhappy.

I send you the two Papers inclosed, and you may shew them to our Friend V——, as he has some *moral Virtues*, though no great Devotée.

Adieu!

LETTER

DLXH

To

To the CHRONICLE.

ON SPECIAL BAILEIFFS.

In your Number 406, there is a nice Tryal reported, of John Stevenson, for killing a Person that assisted at an Arrest, under the Sanction of a *Special Warrant*. I am no Lawyer, and shall not therefore, pretend to say, whether Mr. Stevenson ought, in strict Justice, to be acquitted or not; but I most sincerely pity the Circumstances of this unhappy Man, and wish that he may have the good Fortune to escape, through the Interpretation of the Law, on the *special Verdict*.

In what a pitiable Dilemma does a Man stand, who is reduced to this sad Alternative, to resign his own Liberty, or take another's Life? The Occasion may be sudden, moral Deductions slow. It is natural to resist an immediate Evil, though Reflexions on the greater consequential Ills may induce us to submit: But a Person under the instant Terror of losing, perhaps for ever, the choicest Blessing of Life; nay, Liberty is more precious, for to this chiefly, Life itself owe all it's Sweetness; I say, that a Person, in such difficult Circumstances, may not be supposed to enjoy the free Use of his logical Faculties. If a Man should make a *Longe* at the greatest Philosopher, with a red-hot Poker, he would certainly

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ly parry, in *Carte* or *Tierce*, though he were jammed in between two Sacks of Gun-powder.

But this is not the Subject that I had in Contemplation, when I sat down to write: I meant to enter into a Disquisition upon the Nature or Usage of a *special Warrant*; to which Point I shall immediately proceed.

From an Idea of our natural Love of Liberty, the Wisdom of the Legislature has thought it expedient to put the Person of a Debtor into the Power of his Creditor, as a more speedy and effectual Method, from the Dread or Uneasiness of Confinement, to compel Payment, than any of the other Processes of Law might induce him to. But, as a Warfare of this Sort, too often raises a Spirit of Animosity between the Parties, which might be fatal or oppressive, if the executive Power should be intrusted with the Creditor, the Laws have provided a safe *Medium*, between Plaintiff and Defendant, certain impartial Persons, of good Character and Condition in their Country, namely, the respective Sheriffs of those Counties, into which the *Writs* shall be issued: And the political Reason for directing them to the Sheriffs, may be, that as they are, or ought to be, Men well known and esteemed in their County, Ignorance of their Persons or Authority

cannot

cannot be pleaded, so that Resistance may be deemed an *Overt-Act* of Rebellion; and also, that they may be able to levy a sufficient *Posse Comitatus* to render Opposition vain.

The Legislature likewise designed that these Sheriffs should be also of sufficient Fortune to countervail the Plaintiffs, for all Debts recovered upon *Writs*, *Executions*, or other Process, against Body or Goods; and to be responsible, at the same Time, to the Defendants, in Case of false Arrest, Oppression, or Extortion.

The Sheriffs may find the Business of their Office too much for them to execute alone, or may not have competent Knowledge of the Laws to enable them to perform the Trust, properly, with Safety to themselves, and Justice to the Public; therefore, they have a Power of appointing a Deputy, or Sub-Sheriff, who should be some active Person, experienced in Business, resident in the County, and who enters into sufficient Security for his just Administration in the Office.

There are, also, under their immediate Command, a Set of Bailiffs, continued in Employ, generally from one Sheriff to another, during their Lives; who besides, being obliged frequently to travel through the County, to summon the
Inhabitants

Inhabitants to *Affizes, Sessions, Courts of Inquiry, &c.* must be universally known to act under the Authority of the Sheriff, or his Deputy.

There are, moreover, in each County, a certain Number of Assistants, or *supplemental Officers*, styled *Coroners*, who are also Checks upon the Partiality or Neglect of the Sheriffs; for, when a *Writ* is returned, with a *Non Inventus*, the Plaintiff may have it renewed to them, and put it into which soever of their Hands he thinks proper; and what I have said with Regard to Sheriffs, may relate to these too.

Thus far, methinks, the Legislature has taken all the Precaution, that the Nature, or Reason of this difficult Process would admit of; nor can the Creditor have further Redress against the Debtor's Person, without the manifest Hazard of infringing upon the general Liberty and Safety of the Subject; for observe how all the nice Conduct and prudent Policy of this executive Branch of the Legislature is set at nought, by the dangerous Latitude of a *special Warrant*; for, from such *clandestine* Proceeding, few Men can say that their Purse, their Liberty, or Life itself, is safe. Instead of responsible Officers, whose Authority is well known and acquiesced in, some obscure Russian starts up, like a Chinese

nose Actor, and declares the *Role* he is impowered to perform in the political Drama*. May not a Person, by this Means, be thrown into the Power of his most inveterate Enemy, who may treat him with Insolence, Inhumanity, and Extortion? For all which, it may be impossible to have any Manner of Redress: The Offender may be too mean for Resentment; his Character already too scandalous to be exposed; and Scoundrels may do many Things within the Sanction of Laws, that they would deserve to be gibbeted for in Morals.

It may be here urged, that as *special Warrants* must be granted by the Sheriffs, or Coroners, who being under the Character and Circumstances that I have before supposed, they will use all proper Precaution, in transferring such Powers, and never yield them, except to Persons of whom they have a moral Certainty, or from whom they shall first take reasonable Security, that they will act in this Province, agreeably to the Trust reposed, and to the Character of the Office.

But, how can this Pretence be supported? The Principal, in this Case, is not made the

* In the Chinese Plays every Actor, at his first Appearance on the Stage, acquaints the Audience with his Character, and the Part allotted to him in the Performance.

special Bailiff, but some Footman, or other officious Dependant, of his. This *especial* Person then, will behave himself according to his own Character, not his Master's; and the unhappy *Culprit* must be subject to the vile Manners, and corrupt Morals, of a base Hireling, who, big with his upstart Power, may moreover think to recommend himself to his Patron, by all the mean Insults against his *Antagonist*, as such a Wretch may deem him, that his new Authority may afford him the Opportunity of exerting.

Now, this is supposing even the best of the Matter, that a special Warrant has been, *bonâ Fide*, granted, and guarded in the most cautious Manner possible: But then, may not such a Warrant be pretended! May not an artful Manager of Elections, having sifted out the several Debts, of the Electors, employ People to personate special Bailiffs, and arrest them as they are going to the Poll, counterfeiting Writs, &c. The Prisoners are left at Liberty, after the Jobb is served, and upon *Eclaircissement* with their Creditors, they discover the Imposition; but whom are they to have their Remedy against? Anonymous Strangers! You are under a Covenant to fulfil a Contract, on a certain Day, and have perfected Security for a considerable Penalty;

ty; you are in Debt, and some Party, interested in your *Defaillance*, employs a mock *Special*; you submit to the Arrest, forfeit your *Recognizance*, and are defeated in your Contract. A Man is in Debt, a Highwayman or Bravo gets into the Secret, assumes the special Bailiff, takes him aside, and plunders, or murders him, at Leisure, without Interruption or Hazard. Ravishers and Fortune-Hunters may also avail themselves of this dangerous Pretence! In short, Mr. Chronicle, I should take up the whole Compass of your Paper, if I was to continue a Detail of the many oppressive, partial, and dishonest Methods, which might safely be pursued, under the Sanction, or Pretence, of a *special Warrant*.

But, has the Plaintiff a Right to demand a special Warrant, or not? If he has a Right, it cannot be refused; and then all the unhappy Consequences that I have supposed may follow, to the manifest Danger of Liberty, Property, Chastity, and Life. If he has no legal Right to the Claim, why should it be ever partially indulged? Either the Plaintiff ought to be at Liberty to demand Redress upon the Refusal, or the Defendant intitled to an Injunction against it's Operation, or to his Remedy against the Officer who grants it.

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My Reason for troubling you with this Letter, is, to apply, through the Channel of your Paper, to some of the Learned in the Law, among your Readers and Correspondents, for their Opinion upon the Point here started; whether the granting of a *special Warrant* be warrantable by Law, or only a Privilege assumed by Sheriffs or Coroners, with a View of accumulating Fees of Office? And, if the Laws, as they stand at present, either by Statute, or allowed Usage, do admit of this Procedure, humbly to propose to the Consideration of the Legislature, on Account of the unconstitutional Consequences above hinted at, to have this hazardous Licence rescinded from the legal Process, for the future. R. G.

P. S. Since the above Letter was published, I have been informed that Lord Coke says, "That an Officer giveth *sufficient Notice*, what he is, when he saith to the Party, I arrest you in the King's Name; and in such Case, the Party, at his Peril, ought to obey him, though he knoweth him *not to be an Officer*." Does not so severe an Interpretation of this Law, supply an Argument still stronger than any I have used, to shew the Necessity or Expediency of having some Regulation, in this Case made and provided, at present, since it happened to be neglected

lected at the *Revolution*. The Abuse of special Warrants has been lately wrested out of the Hands of a Minister, but the safer Instrument of a special Bailiff, has been left him still. For in the first Usage, he must appear, but in the latter, he can avoid being ever traced.

N. B. Mr. Stevenson was acquitted upon the special Verdict.

MR. King, a Tanner, who lived in James's Street, Dublin, had several inclosed Fields at the Back of his House. The Mob used to hurle there, on every St. James's Fair-day, break down all his Fences, and do him much Damage of several Kinds. He got an Order for a Guard, once, under the Command of the Sub-Sheriff; upon which a Riot arose, and King desired the Sheriff to give Orders to fire; by which a Man was killed. The Sheriff fled, King stood his Tryal, and was condemned; but after much Interest being made, he first obtained a Reprieve, and then a Pardon.

While this Matter was depending before Government, the following Paper was written, to the Secretary of Lord Harrington, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

S I R,

S I R,

I am pleased to hear that his Excellency has been so compassionate to grant a Reprieve to the unhappy Man, now lying under Sentence of Death, because I hope it is an Earnest of his Majesty's Pardon being further extended toward him.

The Man himself, I know not, except by Character, which is so good, that I hear almost all Ranks, and even corporate Bodies, have applied on his Behalf. And, surely, as all legal Penalties are not inflicted from so unchristian a Motive as Resentment, for Mischief done, as *in Terrorem*, to preserve the Peace and Welfare of Society, for the future; when that Society, for whose Security such Laws are made, shall, upon particular Occasions, apply in Favour of a Delinquent, I think in Reason and Equity, that they may expect the Letter of the Law to be remitted at their Instance, if what I have said be the genuine *Spirit* of it.

These Circumstances plead strongly on his Part; an honest Man, in both a farming, and mercantile Way of Life, struggling for his own, his Wife's and his Childrens' Bread, has his Property, every Year, invaded, by a lawless Mob: After having ineffectually tried what he alone could do, to defend himself, he first applied to
Council,

Council, for Advice, and then to the legal Power, for Redress. If after such cautious and prudent Deliberation, he has happened to exceed the Letter of the Law, his whole Proceeding must acquit him of Malice, though it leaves him accountable for an Indiscretion. The Sub-Sheriff, who ought to have understood the Law, and his own Commission better, is certainly the proper Delinquent here. Mr. King, afterwards surrendering himself, contrary to Opinion of Council, is a farther Circumstance, to prove, at least, that he was not conscious of any criminal Action, and being able to say, with *Œdipus*,

My Hands were guilty, but my Heart was free.
bravely threw himself on God, and his Country, submitted his Actions to the Severity of the Law, and his Life to the Clemency of the Government; and a more critical Time could not have happened for that Purpose, as Mercy is the Characteristic of a gallant Soldier, which is a Character universally attributed to his Majesty, and his Delegate here.

The pardoning of this unfortunate Man, on the sole Merit of a good Reputation, must be attended with many happy Effects. It will, perhaps, be an useful Lesson to Men, to find how far a Character may, some Time or other, avail them, on critical Occasions. The Vices of Mankind

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too generally proceed from a Negligence, with
 Regard to this Point. The mere Beauty of Vir-
 tue is not glaring enough to affect short-sighted
 Minds; with the Charms of it's sole moral Good,
 unless some natural Benefit can, at the same Time,
 be perceived to attend it. Men may be awaken-
 ed then, when they find that Advantages may
 accrue from a moral Behaviour before, as well
 as after Death.

I need not make any Apology to you, Sir, for
 giving you an Occasion of recommending an hu-
 mane Action, which is the sole Design of this
 Letter.

I am, &c.

R. G.

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